

SUPERBOY

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No.120

Ten
Cents



Eldora

Adventure COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

2000
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Another
EXCITING STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS
A BOY!



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SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

W

is for

WOODCHUCK,

WHO LIVES IN A
HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND,
HE ROAMS O'ER THE
MEADOWLANDS FREELY-
EXCEPT WHEN THE DOGS
ARE AROUND!
THEN HE DASHES STRAIGHT
INTO HIS SHELTER,
AND WITH MANY A
CHUCKLE AND CHORTLE,
HE READS ALL THE BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
WHILE THE HOUNDS BARK IN
VAIN AT HIS PORTAL!



— ON THE COVER OF
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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Printed in U



SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

PERRY WHITE WASN'T ALWAYS MANAGING EDITOR OF THE DAILY PLANET. HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT HE WAS LIKE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG? WELL, JUST AS WE'VE SHOWN YOU CLARK KENT AS A BOY AND SUPERMAN AS SUPERBOY, SO WE NOW DISPLAY CLARK KENT'S BOSS-TO-BE IN THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS...

*"Perry White,
CUB REPORTER!"*





OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE *DAILY PLANET* SIT TWO ANXIOUS JOB-HUNTERS.

OH, OH—
LISTEN TO
THAT!

DOESN'T SOUND
VERY ENCOURAGING,
DOES IT?

MANAG
EDITO

IDIOT!

DAILY
PLAN

IMBECILE!

YOU CALL YOURSELF A
REPORTER—BUT YOU CAN'T
GET A THING ON
THIS SENSATIONAL
NEW CROOK, THE
RINGMASTER!

I'M S-SORRY,
MR. HOBBS!

WAITING TO SEE
ME? MAKE IT
SNAPPY! WHO'S
FIRST?

HE IS!

UH—I'M LOOKING
FOR A HOBBS, MR.
JOB—ER—THAT
IS, FOR A
REPORTER—
I MEAN—

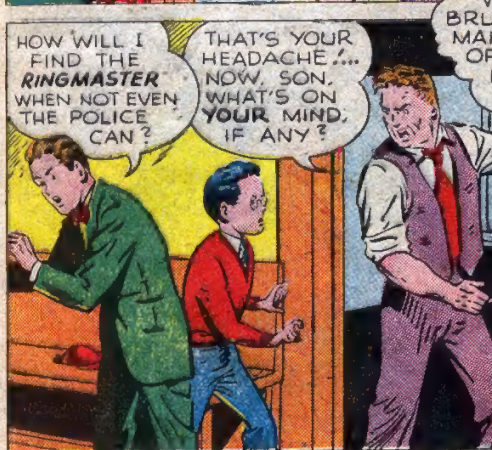
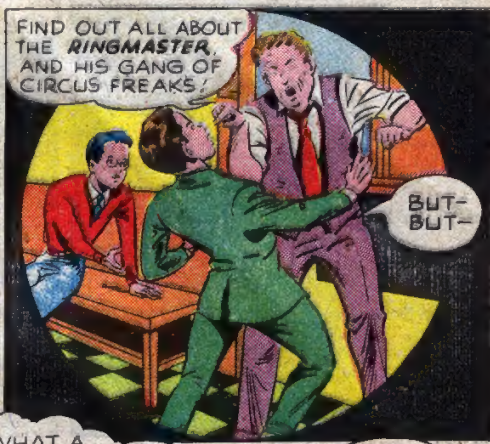
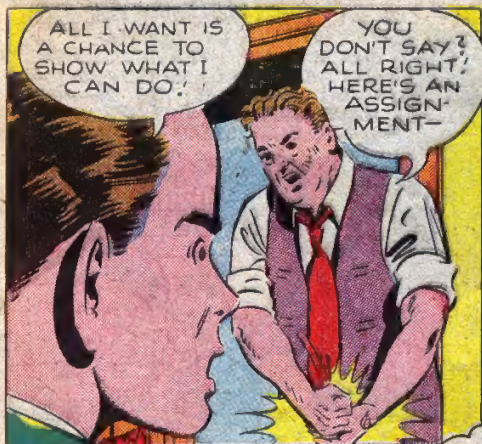
COME,
COME—
MAKE UP
YOUR
MIND!

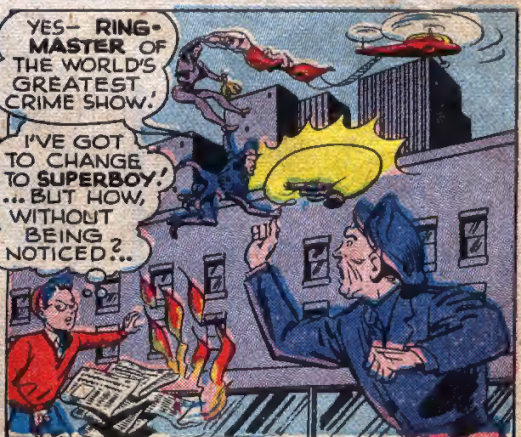
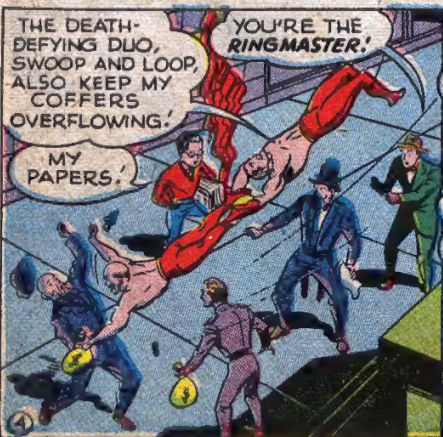
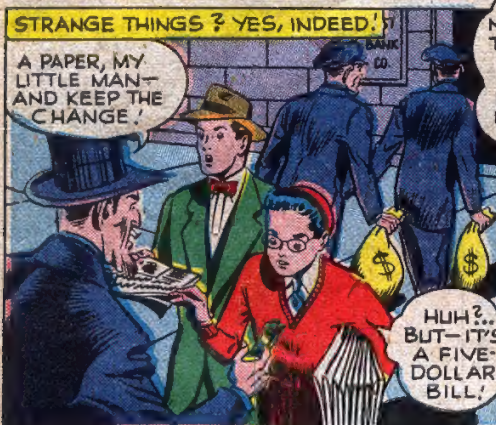
MY NAME IS
PERRY WHITE,
SIR, AND I WANT
TO BE A
REPORTER!

YES, IT'S PERRY WHITE, AT THE AGE OF 21,
APPLYING FOR HIS FIRST JOB ON THE
DAILY PLANET, AND NEVER DREAMING THAT
SOMEDAY HE'LL BE ITS EDITOR!

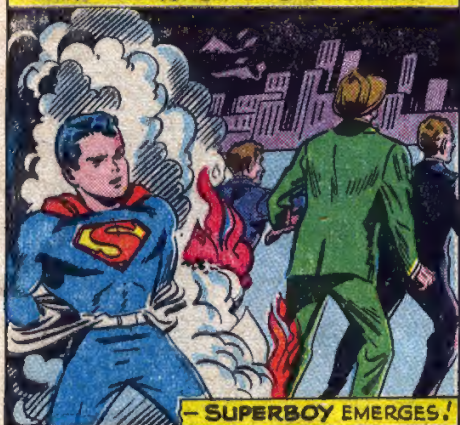
I STUDIED JOURNAL-
ISM IN COLLEGE,
SIR—

HUH? NOW I'M BE-
ING PESTERED BY
SCHOOLBOYS.





BEHIND THE CONCEALING SMOKE...

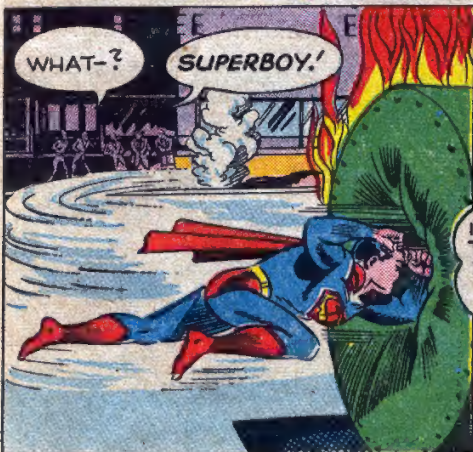


- SUPERBOY EMERGES!

AND SPIES A NEW DANGER!



OH, OH! A BURNING NEWSPAPER BLEW AGAINST THAT OIL TRUCK!



WHAT-?

SUPERBOY!

A TALL PILLAR OF FIRE IS DRAWN HARMLESSLY SKYWARD!



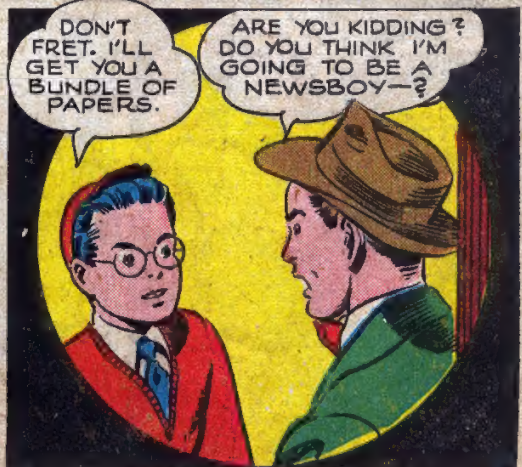
HE'S CREATING A VACUUM TO CONTROL THE BLAST- AND PROBABLY SAVING ALL OUR LIVES.

MEANWHILE THE BIZARRE BANDITS HAVE VANISHED... AND AS SUPERBOY RESUMES THE CHARACTER OF CLARK KENT...



I GUESS THE SHOW'S FINISHED!

SO AM I! I MUFFED MY CHANCE! DIDN'T EVEN THINK TO PHONE IN THE ROBBERY STORY TILL REPORTERS WERE ALREADY HERE.



DON'T FRET. I'LL GET YOU A BUNDLE OF PAPERS.

ARE YOU KIDDING? DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE A NEWSBOY-?

I HAVE A REASON!
THE **RINGMASTER**
CAN'T RESIST PUBLICITY!
HE BOUGHT A PAPER
DURING THE
ROBBERY!
HE'LL WATCH
FOR THAT
"EXTRA!"



LATER, IN A VAST BUT ANCIENT CARNIVAL
HALL, LONG ABANDONED ...

IT WAS SUPERB!
THE AUDIENCE
WAS BREATH-
LESS!

MY FIRE-
BREATHING ACT
SURE GOT THEM!
SWOOP & LOOP
DID OKAY, TOO!



THE PRESS
NOTICES SHOULD
BE MAGNIFICENT!

CHEE, DE
PAPERS NEVER
MENTION ME,
MUSCULO DA
MIGHTY! NOBODY
EVEN SEEN ME
INSIDE DAT AUTO-
GYRO!



A SHOUT FROM THE STREET
PENETRATES THE CRUMBLING
WALLS...

AH! GET
THE PAPERS,
MUSCULO.

EX-TREE! RINGMASTER
DOES IT AGAIN!



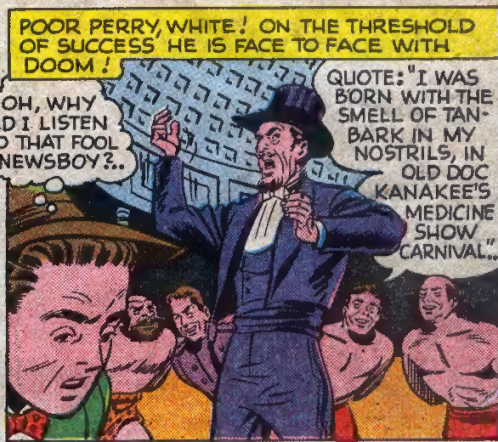
READ
ALL ABOUT
IT!

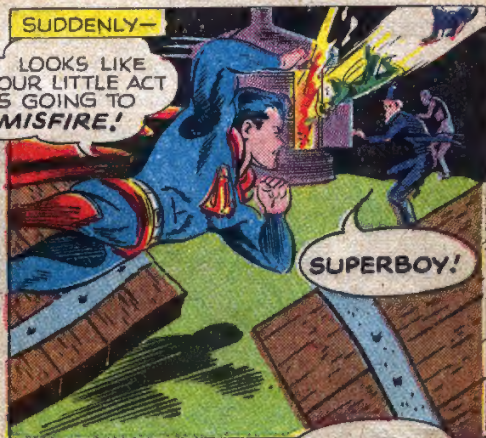
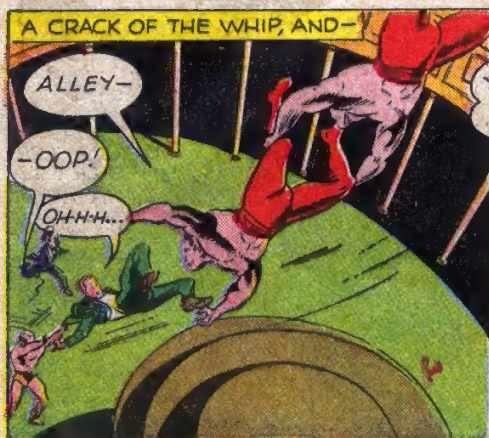


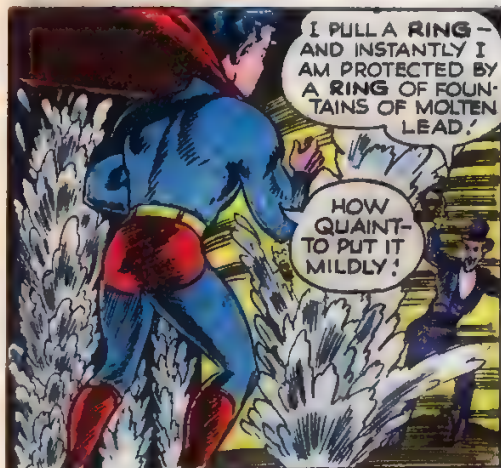
I'LL TAKE DEM PAPERS,
GUY-DA RINGMASTER
WANTS 'EM-OOPS, DAT
SLIPPED
OUT!

THE
RINGMASTER,
DID YOU SAY?



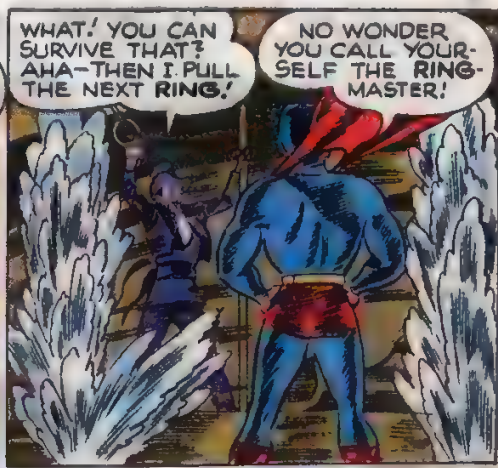






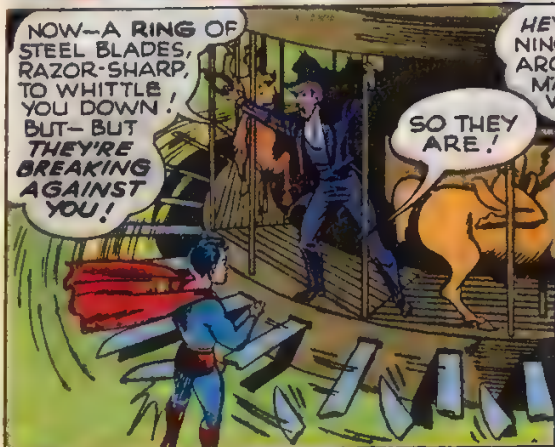
I PULL A RING -
AND INSTANTLY I
AM PROTECTED BY
A RING OF FOUNTAINS
OF MOLTEN
LEAD!

HOW
QUANT-
TO PUT IT
MILDLY!



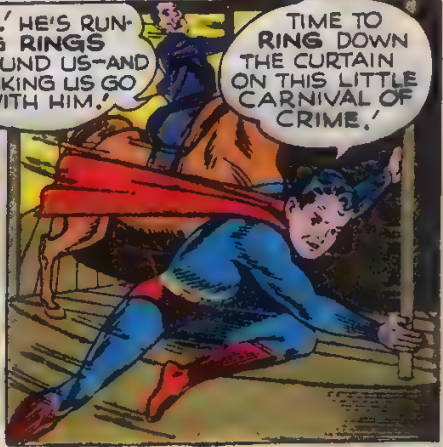
WHAT! YOU CAN
SURVIVE THAT?
AHA-THEN I PULL
THE NEXT RING!

NO WONDER
YOU CALL YOUR-
SELF THE RING-
MASTER!



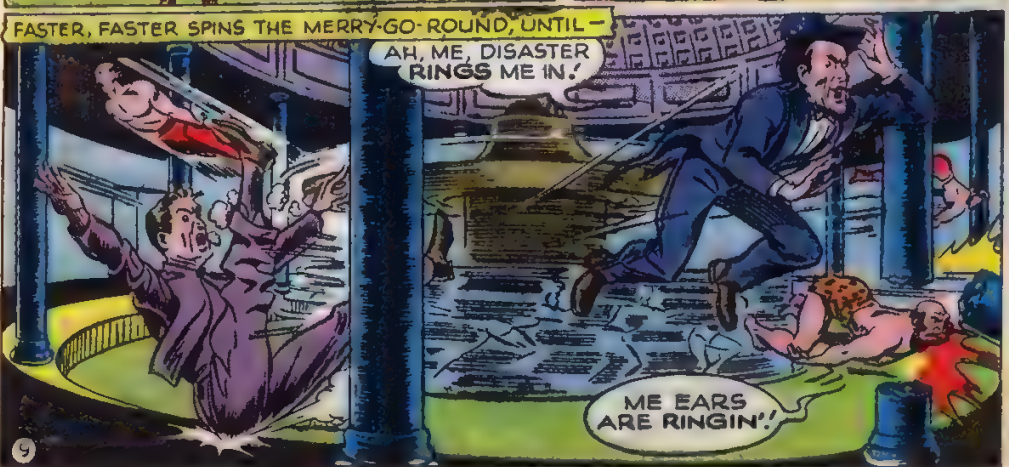
NOW-A RING OF
STEEL BLADES,
RAZOR-SHARP,
TO WHITTLE
YOU DOWN!
BUT- BUT
THEY'RE
BREAKING
AGAINST
YOU!

SO THEY
ARE!



HEY! HE'S RUN-
NING RINGS
AROUND US-AND
MAKING US GO
WITH HIM!

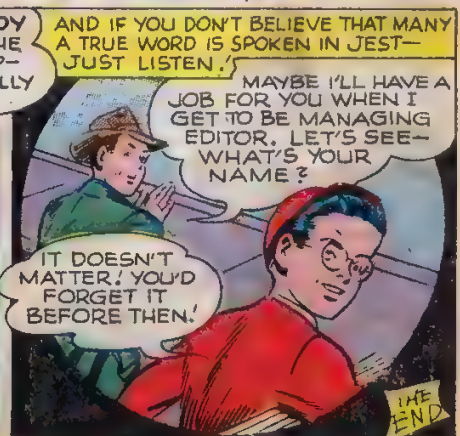
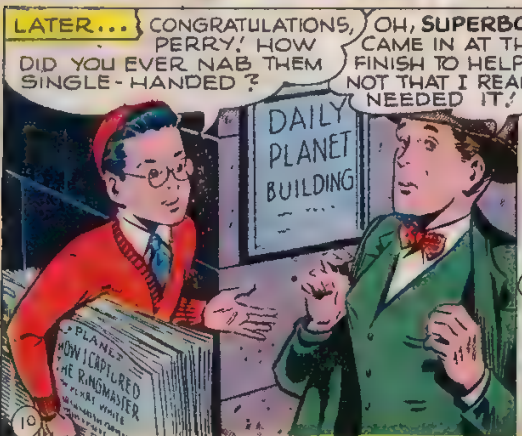
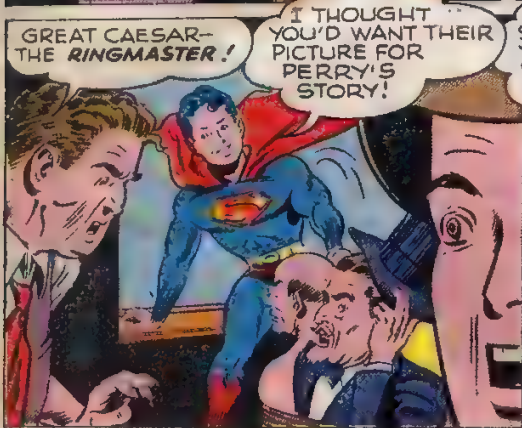
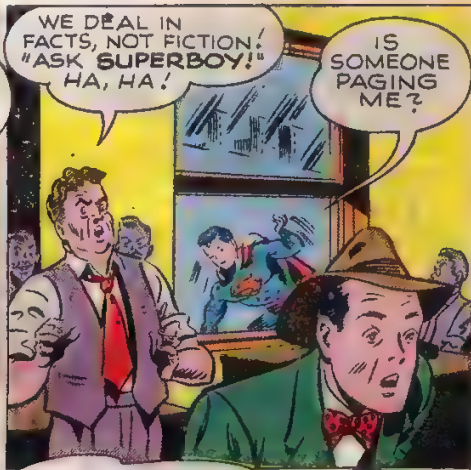
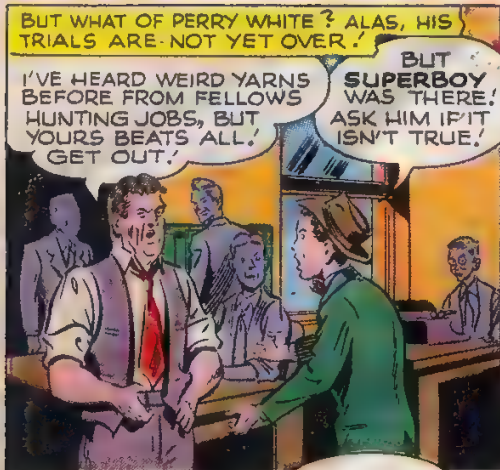
TIME TO
RING DOWN
THE CURTAIN
ON THIS LITTLE
CARNIVAL OF
CRIME!



FASTER, FASTER SPINS THE MERRY-GO-ROUND, UNTIL -

AH, ME, DISASTER
RINGS ME IN!

ME EARS
ARE RINGIN'!



If you like SUPERBOY, then read SUPERMAN in ACTION COMICS WORLD'S FINEST and SUPERMAN.

PASS
MASTER
OF THE
NATIONAL
LEAGUE

Eddie

STANKY

OOPS!
SORRY!

NOW I'LL
TRY FOR
SECOND

THE BROOKLYN DODGER'S
DIMINUTIVE INFIELDER IS A
MASTER AT FOULING GOOD
PITCHES, TAKING BAD
PITCHES...AND WAITING
FOR A PASS TO FIRST

STANKY EARNED MORE PASSES THAN
ANY NATIONAL LEAGUER DURING 1946.
IN 1945 HE SET A LEAGUE RECORD WITH
148 BASES ON BALLS...AND LED IN
RUNS SCORED WITH 128 TALLIES

"SEEMS TO BE THE SAME STORY
ON ANY BALL CLUB," SAYS
EDDIE STANKY. "GET THE BOYS LINED
UP FOR BREAKFAST AND THE CALL
GOES UP FOR WHEATIES, BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS. AND I THINK WE
LIKE WHEATIES FOR THE SAME
REASON YOU DO. WE KNOW THEY'RE
FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, AND
PLENTY NOURISHING...BUT IT'S
THAT WHEATIES FLAVOR
THAT SCORES"

WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

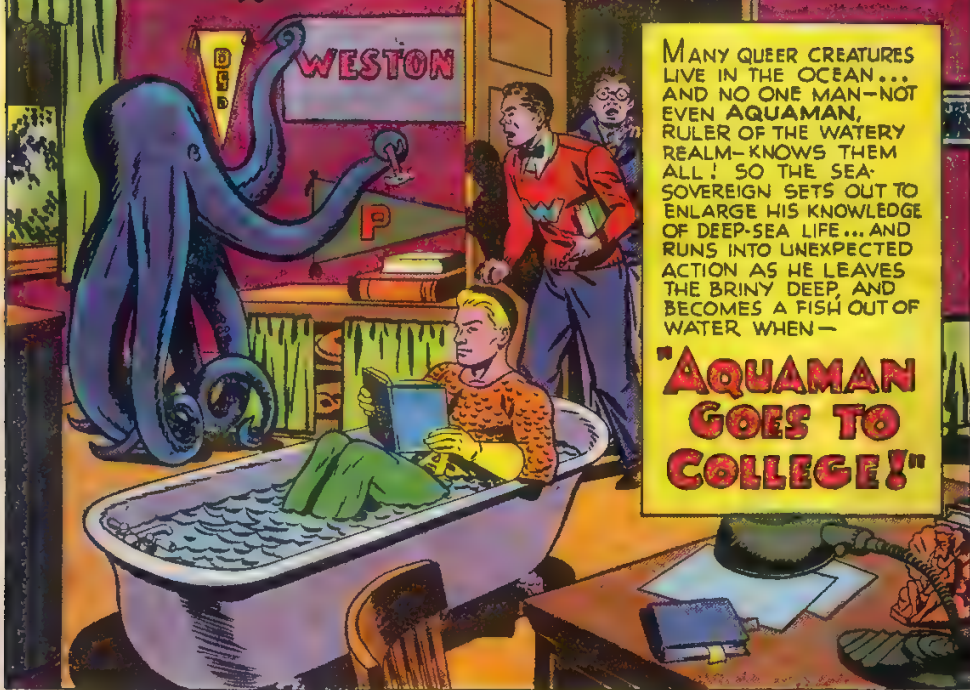
WHEATIES

WHEATIES

WHEATIES

WHEATIES

AQUAMAN



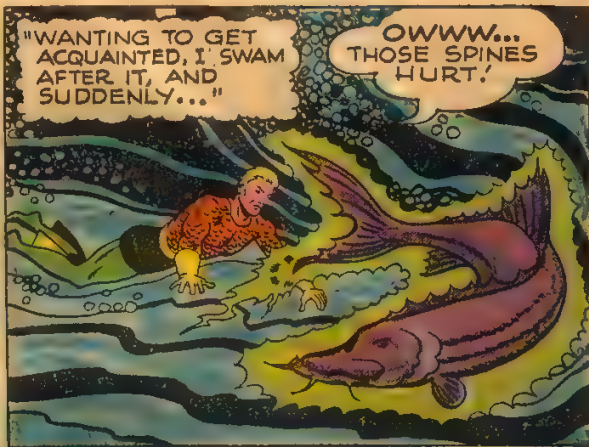
MANY QUEER CREATURES LIVE IN THE OCEAN... AND NO ONE MAN—NOT EVEN AQUAMAN, RULER OF THE WATERY REALM—KNOWS THEM ALL! SO THE SEA-SOVEREIGN SETS OUT TO ENLARGE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF DEEP-SEA LIFE... AND RUNS INTO UNEXPECTED ACTION AS HE LEAVES THE BRINY DEEP, AND BECOMES A FISH OUT OF WATER WHEN—

"AQUAMAN GOES TO COLLEGE!"

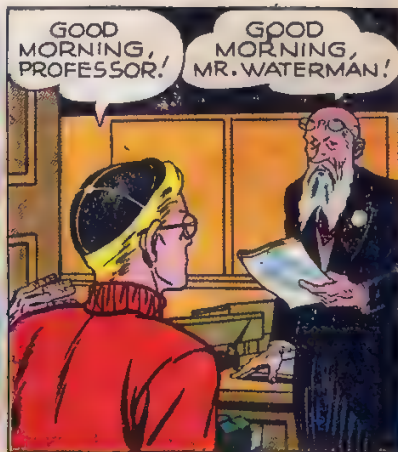
AQUAMAN, SOVEREIGN OF THE SEVEN SEAS SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS MANY FRIENDS FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS

FELLOWS, I'M LEAVING THE OCEAN—FOR A WHILE, THAT IS.



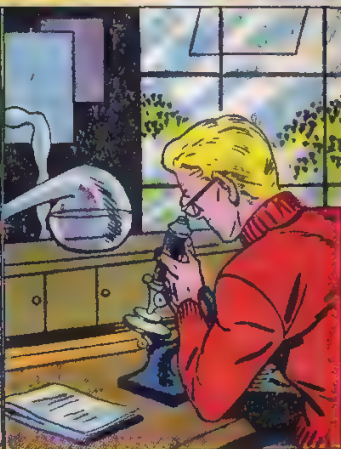
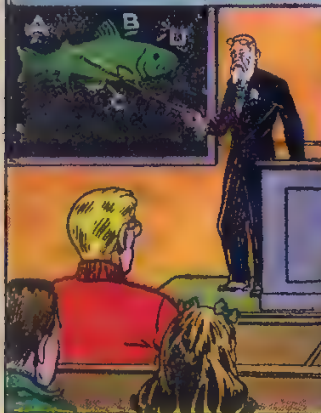


LATER, IN CLOTHES WHICH HIDE HIS FAMILIAR FIGURE, AQUAMAN ENTERS WESTON COLLEGE AS "MR. WATERMAN" . . .

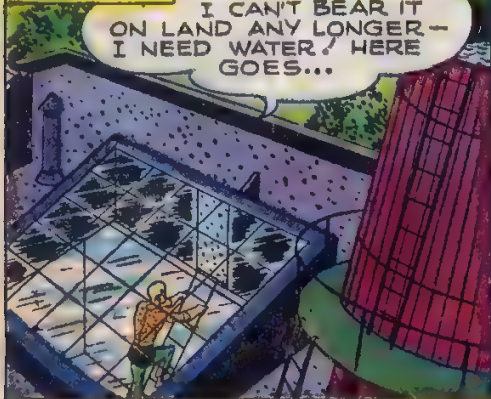


* EXPERT ON FISH - TO US.

AND SO BEGINS LONG HOURS OF STUDY...



BUT WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER FOR THE DAY...



AND SO, IN A ROOFTOP WATER TANK AQUAMAN RELAXES.





BUT A FISH OUT OF WATER IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS PROBLEMS. ONE DAY...

PROFESSOR HATCHER, YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT FISH... BUT WHAT ABOUT FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, BASKETBALL? OUR TEAMS NEVER WIN! I'M ASHAMED OF BEING A WESTON COLLEGE ALUMNUS!

BUT MR. REED...

IF WESTON DOESN'T WIN THE SWIMMING MEET, I'LL STOP FINANCING THE SCHOOL!

BUT, MR. REED... WE HAVE NO MONEY TO WASTE ON ATHLETICS! IT'S ALL WE CAN DO TO KEEP OPEN!

WELL, YOU WON'T KEEP GOING ON MY MONEY—UNLESS YOU SPEND SOME OF IT ON A GOOD SPORTS TEAM!

BUT WITHOUT YOUR HELP, MR. REED, WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE THE COLLEGE!

WE DO HAVE A GOOD TEAM! AND WE'RE GOING TO WIN THAT SWIMMING MEET!

WIN? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

BESIDES, MR. REED...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION, IN FACT...

I'LL GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS TO WESTON COLLEGE IF THE TEAM WINS! BUT NOT ANOTHER CENT IF IT LOSES!

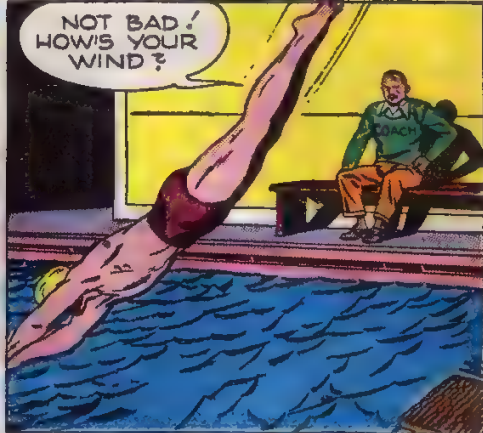
OH, DEAR, WE MAY AS WELL GIVE UP NOW!

DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR! WE'LL WIN!

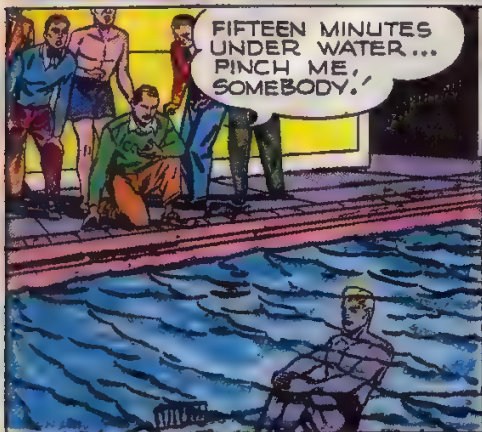
ON THE DAY OF THE MEET...

COACH, I'D LIKE TO BE ON THE SWIMMING TEAM! MY FRIENDS TELL ME I SWIM PRETTY WELL!

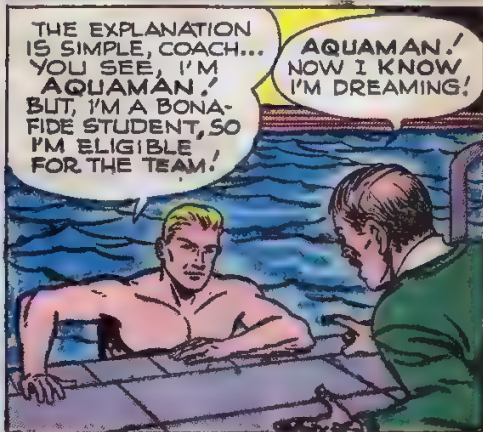
HMM, FINE TIME YOU PICKED TO TRY OUT FOR IT! BUT GET INTO A SUIT... I'LL SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO.



NOT BAD! HOW'S YOUR WIND?



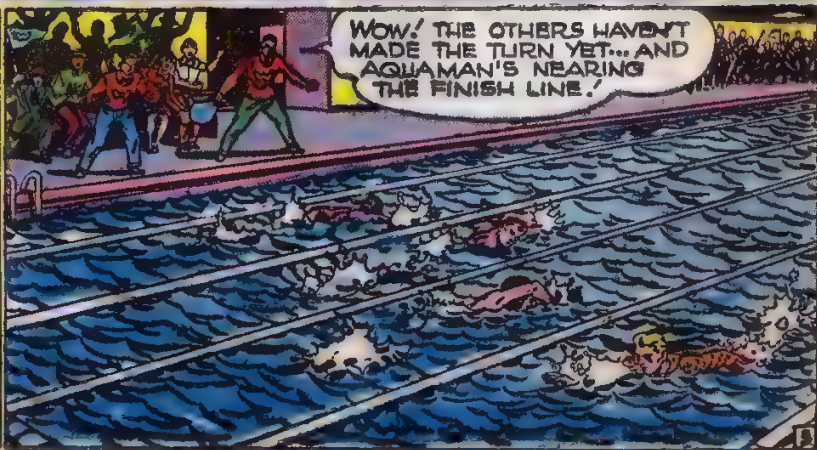
FIFTEEN MINUTES UNDER WATER... PINCH ME, SOMEBODY.



THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE, COACH... YOU SEE, I'M **AQUAMAN**! BUT, I'M A BONA-FIDE STUDENT, SO I'M ELIGIBLE FOR THE TEAM!

AQUAMAN! NOW I KNOW I'M DREAMING!

IT MAY BE A DREAM TO YOU, COACH... BUT IT'S A NIGHT-MARE TO THE RIVAL TEAM! AS THE MEET BEGINS...

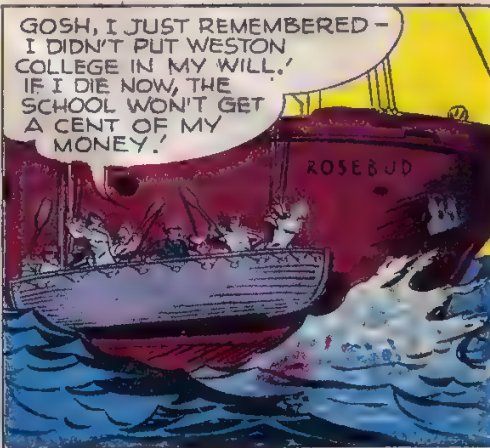


WOW! THE OTHERS HAVEN'T MADE THE TURN YET... AND **AQUAMAN'S** NEARING THE FINISH LINE!

THAT
\$1,000,000
LOOKS
LIKE A
CINCH,
DOESN'T
IT? BUT,
ABOARD
THE
YACHT,
ROSEBUD,
FATE IS
TAKING
A HAND!

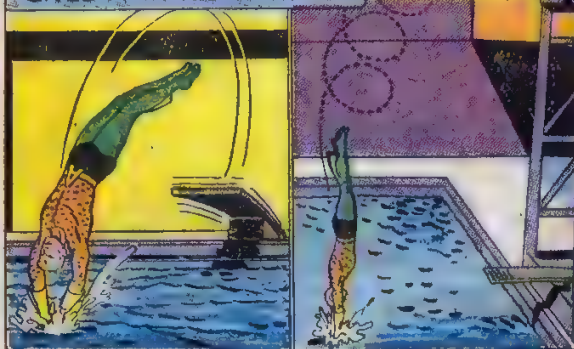


MR. REED, WE'VE
SPRUNG A LEAK!
WE'LL HAVE TO
ABANDON
SHIP!



GOSH, I JUST REMEMBERED -
I DIDN'T PUT WESTON
COLLEGE IN MY WILL!
IF I DIE NOW, THE
SCHOOL WON'T GET
A CENT OF MY
MONEY!

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE
THAT THE PROMISED MONEY
IS IN JEOPARDY, AQUAMAN
GIVES A THRILLING SHOW...

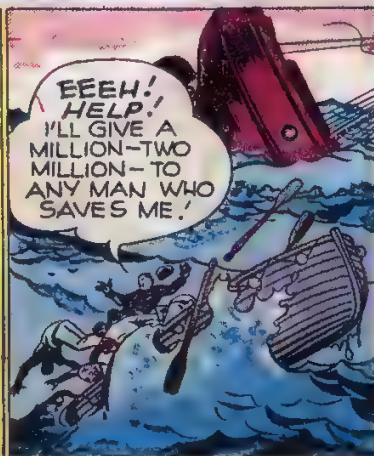


THEN, THE BACKSTROKE...AND
ANOTHER WIN FOR THE SEA-
SOVEREIGN!

THOSE POOR GUYS
DON'T STAND A
CHANCE WITH
AQUAMAN!



BUT
WHILE
AQUAMAN
TAKES ALL
THE
EVENTS
OF THE
MEET...
MR. REED
IS ABOUT
TO TAKE
HIS LAST
BOW!

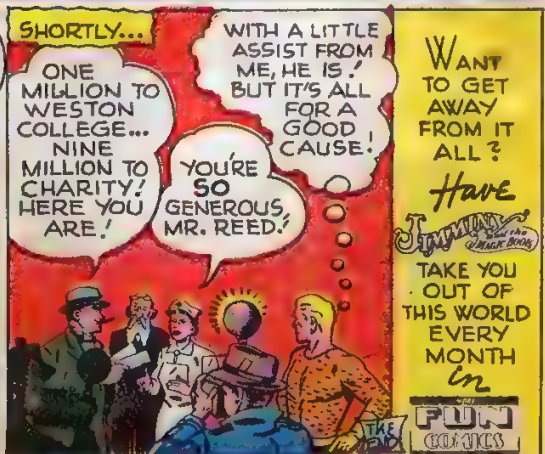
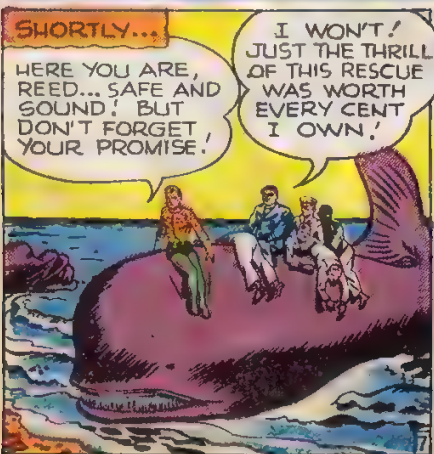
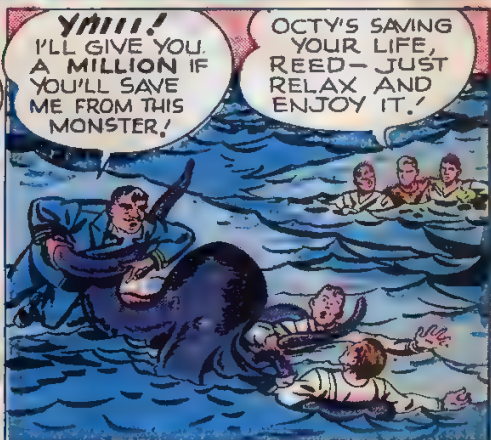
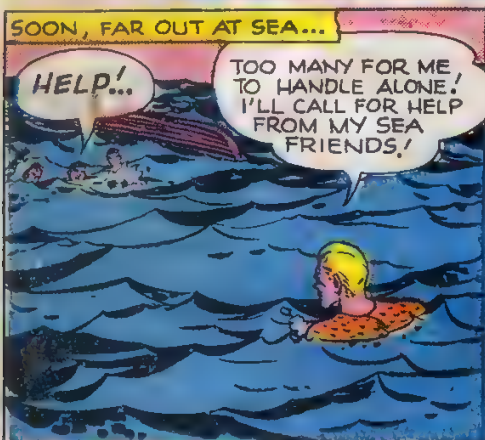
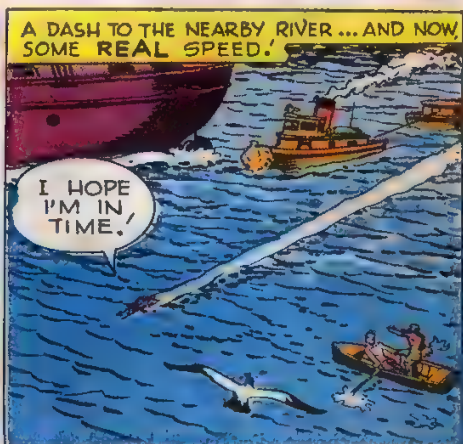
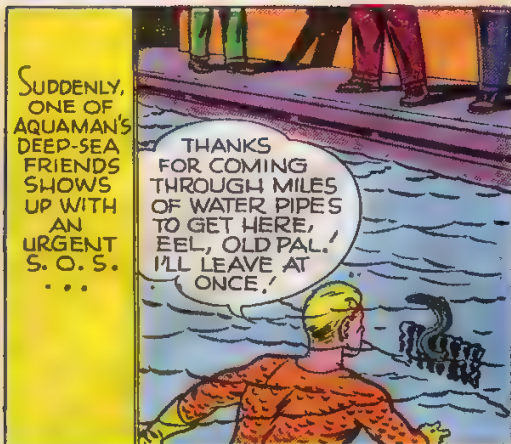


EEEH!
HELP!
I'LL GIVE A
MILLION-TWO
MILLION - TO
ANY MAN WHO
SAVES ME!

ONLY ONE MAN IN
THE WORLD CAN
SAVE YOU NOW,
MR. REED...AND
HE IS MANY
MILES
AWAY!

YIPPEE..
AQUAMAN
WINS THE
RELAY! THE
MEET IS
WESTON'S!
WHEEE!



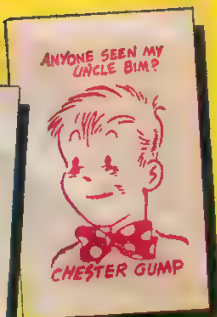


WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?
Have
TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS WORLD EVERY MONTH
FUN
CROSS

PRIZES! HOT-IRON TRANSFERS OF ANDY GUMP! HAROLD TEEN!



—AND OTHER FOLKS
FROM THE FUNNIES
FOR YOUR SHIRTS
AND BANDANNAS!



THEY'RE NEW!—THEY'RE DIFFERENT!

Pictures that Mom can press on with a hot iron!
How other kids will envy you when you show up
with Min and Chester Gump, Shadow, and Lillums
on your sweat shirt, jacket, bandanna, handkerchief,
T-shirt, and other sports clothes! Swap duplicates—
get the full set of six—in different colors! Start your
collection now!

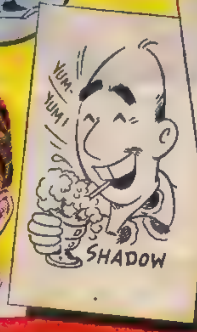
NO WAITING—JUST ASK MOM FOR KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT TODAY!

No box tops or money to send—there's a comic
transfer prize **FREE** in every package of Kellogg's
Shredded Wheat!



Mom just presses them
on with a hot iron! Can
be washed many times.

MOM! FOR A BRIGHT START
AT BREAKFAST—GIVE 'EM
THIS DEE-LICIOUS FAVORITE!



FREE! A COMIC TRANSFER IN EVERY
PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

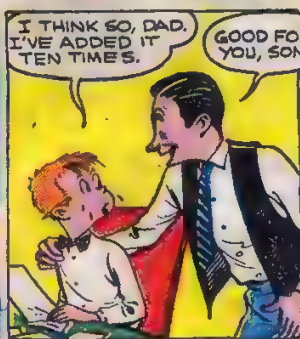
These prizes are enclosed only in packages of
Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.
© 1967 P. D. G.

WILLY

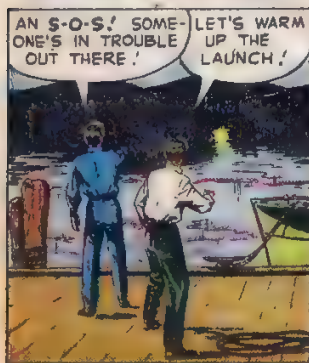
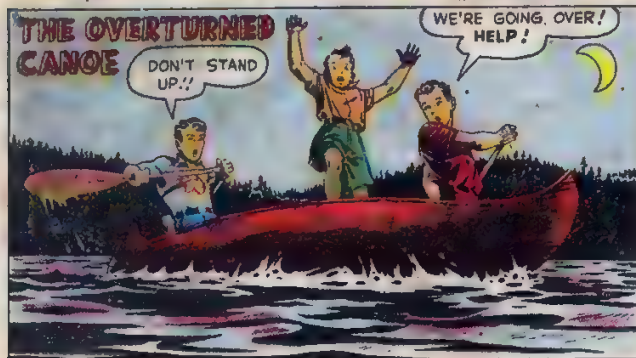
Homework

$2156 + 1377 + 1280$
 $+ 3102 + 1160 + 2200$
 $+ 4408 = ?$

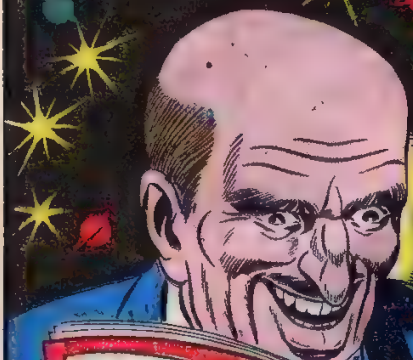
PAUL BEAURE



ADVERTISEMENT

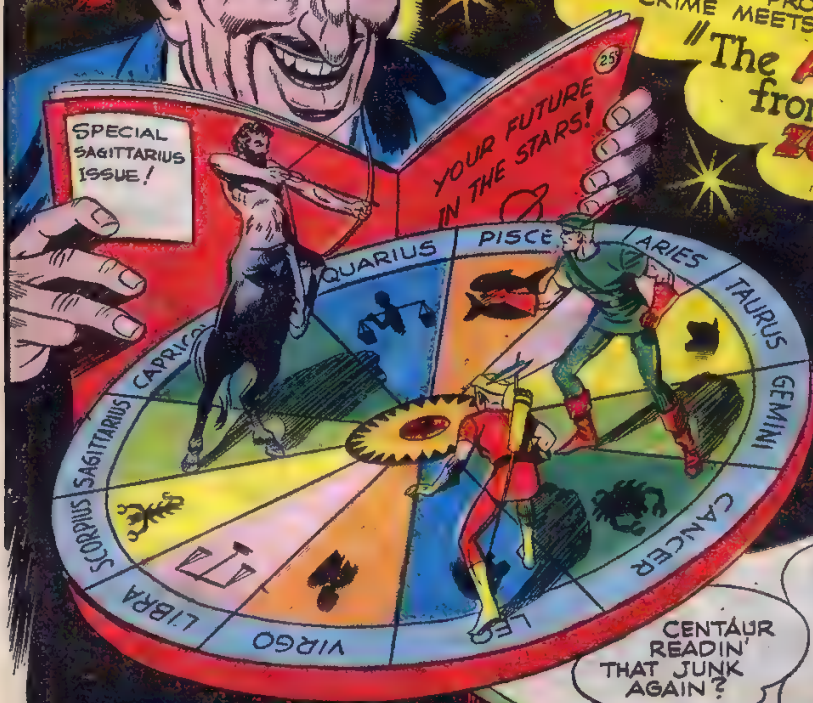


The Green Arrow



THROUGHOUT THE AGES, MEN HAVE SOUGHT GUIDANCE FROM THE STARS, AND THERE ARE MANY WHO ALLOW ASTROLOGY TO GUIDE THEIR DESTINIES... ONE SUCH MAN IS JOHN CENTAUR, WHO STAKED HIS ALL ON THE MYSTERIOUS MOVEMENTS OF HEAVENLY BODIES... THEN THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY ARE WOVEN INTO HIS FATE'S QUEER TAPESTRY, AND HE WHO WOULD PROFIT BY CRIME MEETS...

"The ARCHER from the ZODIAC!"

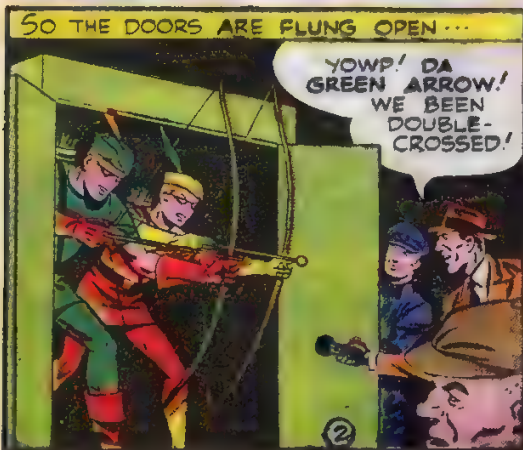
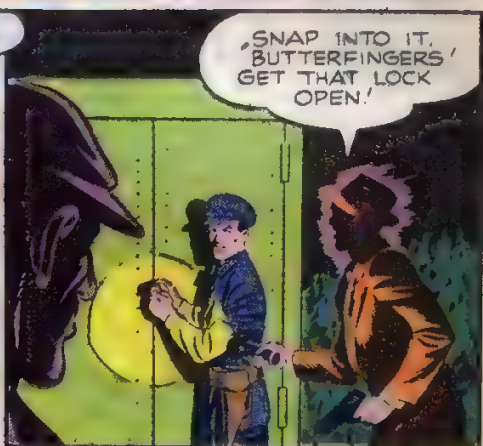
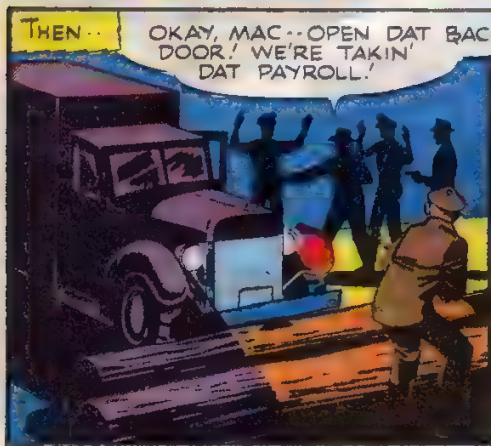


CENTAUR READIN' THAT JUNK AGAIN?

YEAH... HE SEZ WE'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE... DA STARS SEZ SO! HA, HA, HA!

ONE NIGHT... AT A GANG'S HIDEOUT...





THE FRAY THAT FOLLOWS CAN HARDLY BE CALLED A "FIGHT"!

THESE TWO WANT TO RUN AWAY, SPEEDY!

NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD!

GOOD THING WE DECIDED TO RIDE THAT ARMORED CAR, HUH?

SURE...IT GAVE US SOMETHING TO DO TONIGHT!

OKAY, YOU CROOKS... NOW YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE... TO THE CLINK!

YOU'LL GET A LONG REST THERE!

AND ASTROLOGY IS VINDICATED AS JOHN CENTAUR READS THE MORNING PAPERS...

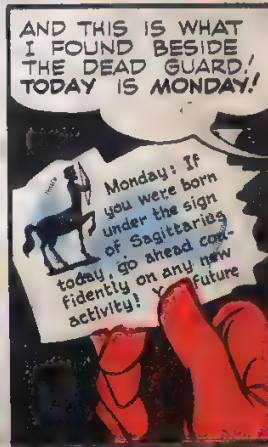
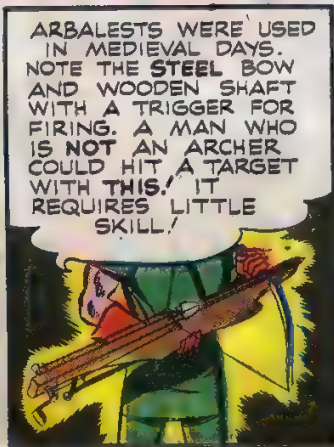
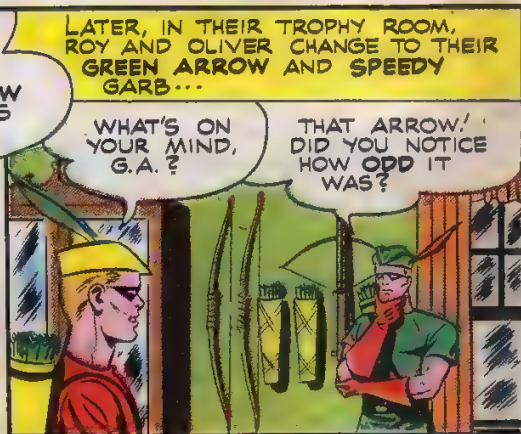
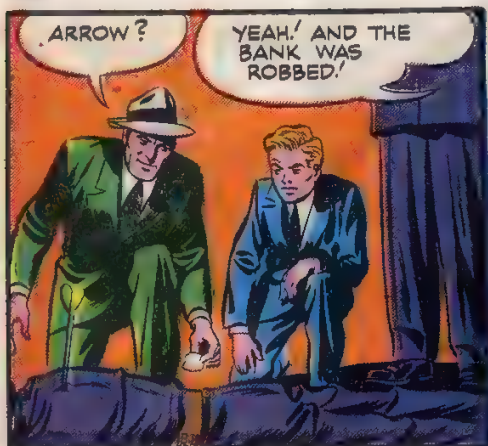
HEH, HEH! I TOLD THEM! BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN! THE STARS SAID DISASTER!

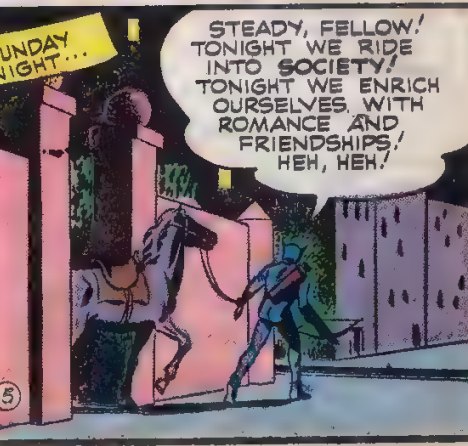
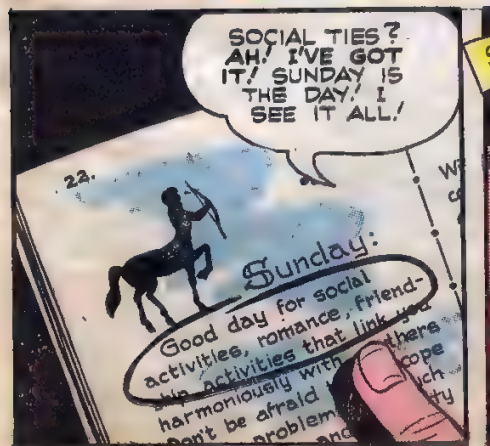
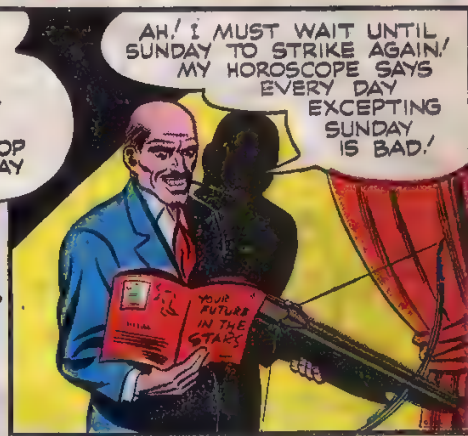
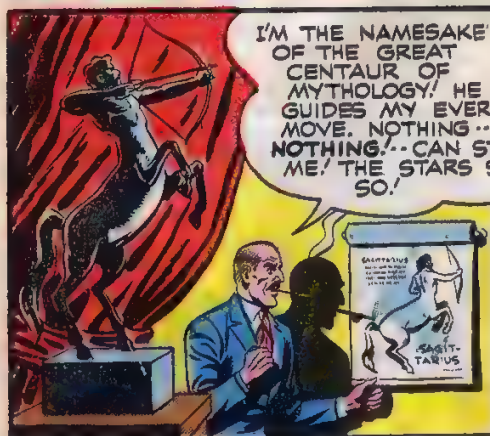
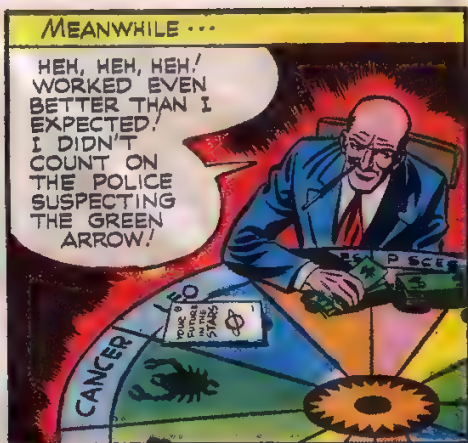
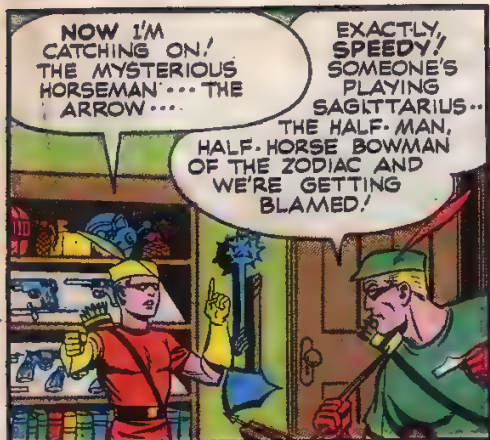
DEAR ME, WHAT IDIOTS THEY ARE! FROM NOW ON, I WORK ALONE AND NONE SHALL STOP ME FOR I SHALL BE GUIDED BY THE STARS!

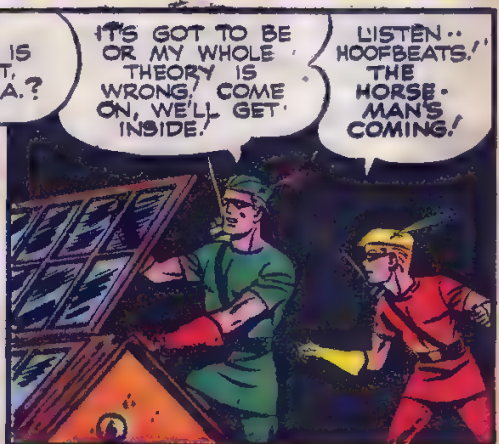
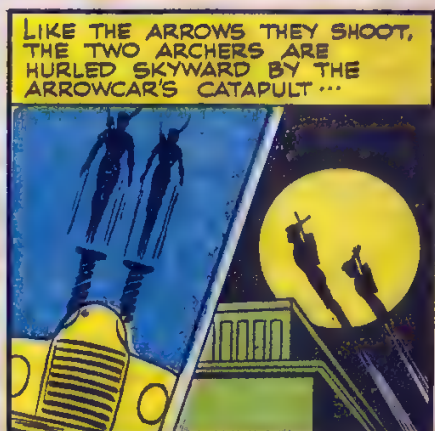
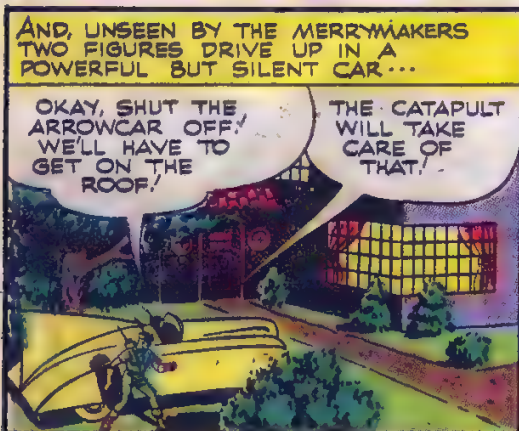
WHO IS IT, OFFICER?

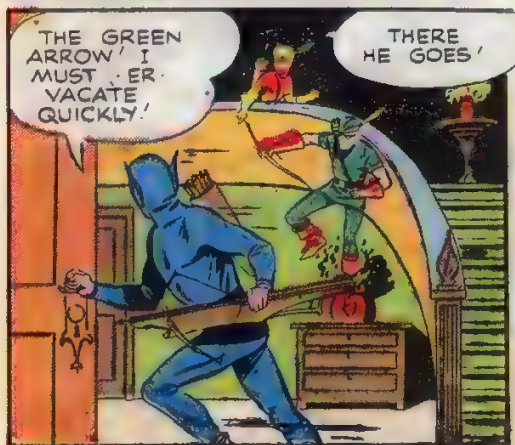
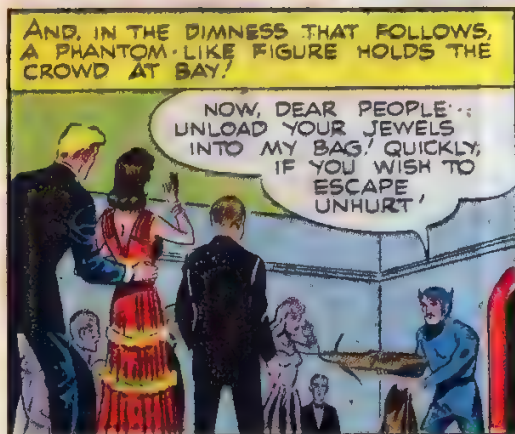
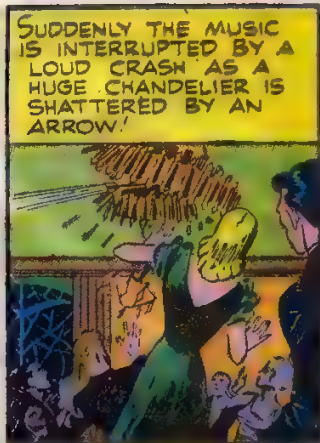
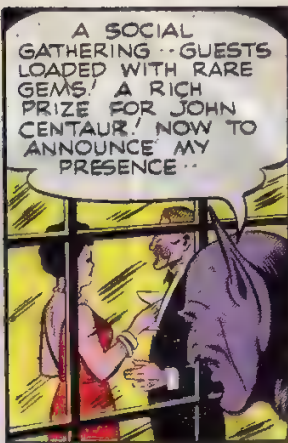
THAT EVENING AS OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER HEAD FOR A MOVIE---

A BANK GUARD... KILLED WITH AN ARROW!





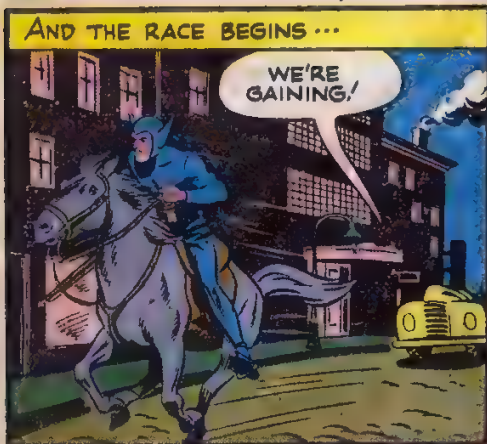






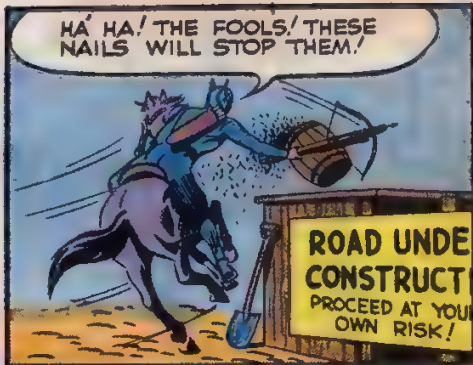
AND THE RACE BEGINS...

WE'RE
GAINING!



HA' HA! THE FOOLS! THESE
NAILS WILL STOP THEM!

ROAD UNDER
CONSTRUCTION
PROCEED AT YOUR
OWN RISK!



HE TRICKED US,
SPEEDY! WE
CAN'T GO OVER
THOSE NAILS!



NEXT DAY...

NICE TROPHY,
OLIVER! BUT
HOW DID YOU
FIGURE WE'D
CATCH CENTAUR
AT THAT
ESTATE?

EASY! I
FIRST READ
THE
SAGITTARIUS
HOROSCOPE
AND FOUND
THAT SUNDAY
WAS THE ONLY
FAVORABLE DAY

FORECAST FOR THIS WEEK...
AND THAT WAS SOCIAL!
THE BALL AT THE ESTATE
WAS THE BIGGEST SOCIAL
EVENT OF THE DAY, SO...



I GUESSED RIGHT
AND SO WE MET
MR. CENTAUR!

AND NOW MR.
CENTAUR CAN READ
THE STARS THROUGH
BARS, EH, OLIVER?



Sunday:

Good day for social
activities, romance, friend-
ship, activities that link
closely with others.

IS GREEN
YOUR FAVORITE
COLOR?

WHETHER IT
IS OR NOT,
GREEN ARROW
WILL BE ONE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE
HEROES IN

ADVENTURE
COMICS

And

WORLD'S
FINEST
COMICS!

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

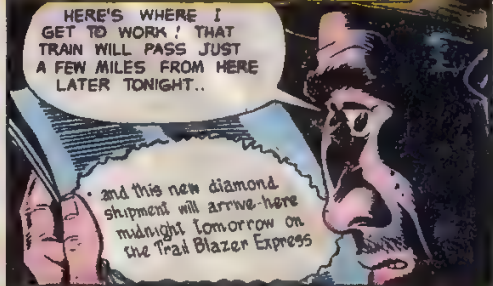
MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express



THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.



AS
DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF
THE ELM
CITY BIKE
CLUB STRIKE
OFF AFTER
THE
ESCAPING
BANDIT.

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! I HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...



LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!



FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST, BUT SAFELY USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN



NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!



I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL

HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

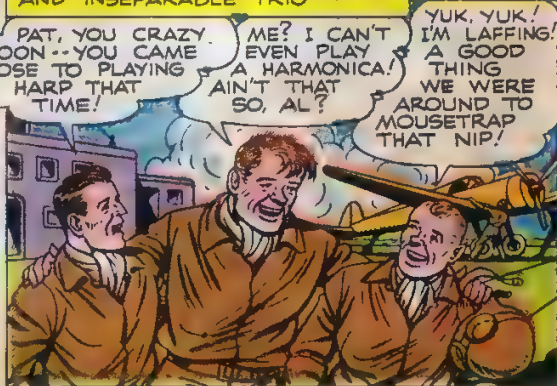
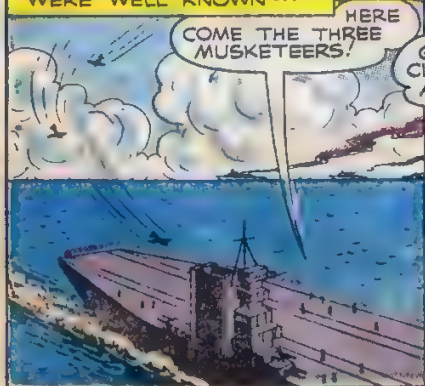


MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN HIM GALLOPING THROUGH THE CLOUDS. MAYBE YOU'VE MET THE SHINING KNIGHT, AMERICA'S CHAMPION IN GOLDEN MAIL WHO COMES TO OUR LAND AND TIME FROM THE OLDEN DAYS OF CAMELOT TO PROVE THAT CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD. MEET HIM NOW AS HE RIDES A SKY TRAIL TO JOUST WITH BANDITRY AND LENDS HIS STRONG ARM TO ...

**"THE
THREE
AEROBATEERS!"**

DURING THE WAR, THE DARING FEATS OF THREE NAVY FLIERS WERE WELL KNOWN ...

YES, THESE THREE -- AL, PAT AND PAUL WERE NOT UNLIKE DUMAS' RECKLESS AND INSEPARABLE TRIO ...

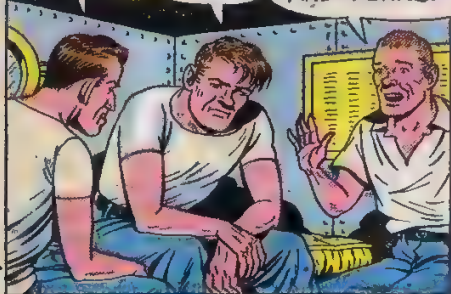


THEN, THE WAR ENDED ---

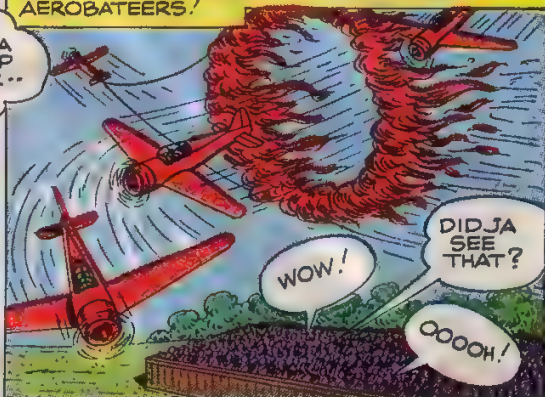
IT'LL BE TOUGH GIVING UP FLYING--

YEAH -- AN' TOUGHER TO SPLIT UP WITH YOU GUYS!

LISTEN, FELLAS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL KEEP US TOGETHER-- AND FLYING!



AND OUT OF THAT IDEA IS BORN AN AERIAL CIRCUS TEAM -- THE THREE AEROBATEERS!



WOW!

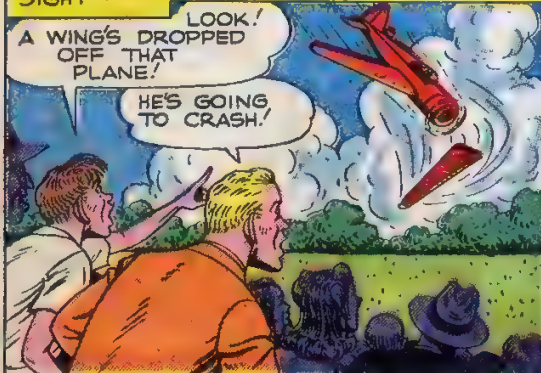
DIDJA SEE THAT?

OOOHH!

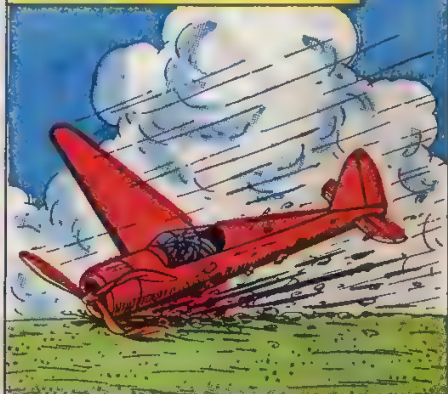
SUDDENLY, THE GASPING AUDIENCE, AMONG THEM JUSTIN, ALIAS THE SHINING KNIGHT - SEES A STUNNING SIGHT ---

LOOK! A WING'S DROPPED OFF THAT PLANE!

HE'S GOING TO CRASH!



BUT THE PILOT CLEVERLY AVERTS A MAJOR CRACK-UP!



BROTHER, DON'T EVER SCARE US LIKE THAT AGAIN!

GET A DOCTOR!

I'M OKAY -- JUST A SOCK ON THE HEAD!

NEXT DAY -- JUST BEFORE SHOW TIME --

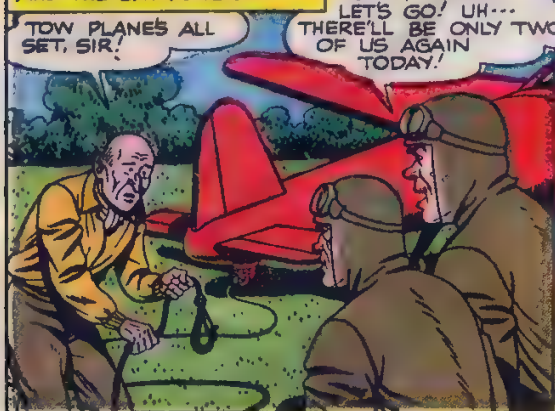
I WISH I COULD GO UP WITH YOU GUYS, BUT MY HEAD -- I'M STILL GROGGY --

SURE -- YOU TAKE IT, EASY, PAUL!

GEE, THIS'LL BE THE FIRST TIME WE'VE GONE UP WITHOUT YOU!



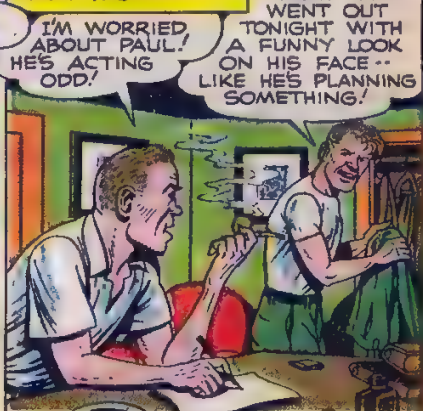
AND THE DAY AFTER ---



TOW PLANES ALL SET, SIR!

OKAY, BOWAN-- LET'S GO! UH... THERE'LL BE ONLY TWO OF US AGAIN TODAY!

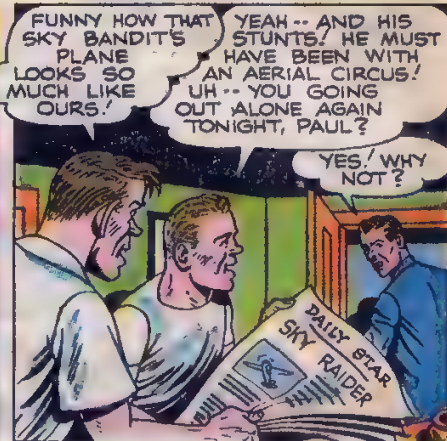
THAT NIGHT---



I'M WORRIED ABOUT PAUL! HE'S ACTING ODD!

YEAH-- HE WENT OUT TONIGHT WITH A FUNNY LOOK ON HIS FACE-- LIKE HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING!

AND THAT NIGHT, AND FOR MANY MORE NIGHTS, A LONE SKY RAIDER POUNCES FROM THE SKIES IN DARING AERIAL PIRACY ---



FUNNY HOW THAT SKY BANDIT'S PLANE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE OURS!

YEAH-- AND HIS STUNTS! HE MUST HAVE BEEN WITH AN AERIAL CIRCUS! UH-- YOU GOING OUT ALONE AGAIN TONIGHT, PAUL?

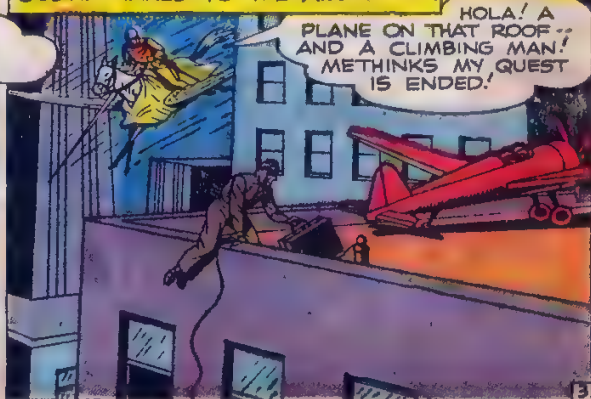
YES! WHY NOT?

MEANWHILE, THE SHINING KNIGHT GIRDS FOR ADVENTURE!

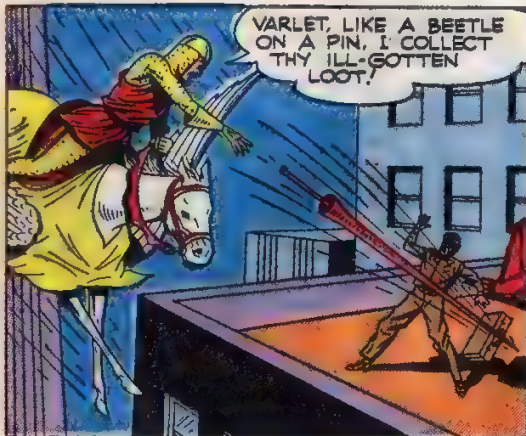


THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO CATCH THE DARING NIGHT SKY RAIDER! MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM ---

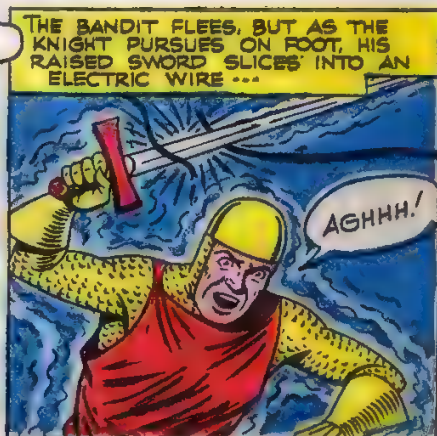
CALLING HIS GIANT FLYING STEED, VICTORY, JUSTIN TAKES TO THE AIR ---



HOLA! A PLANE ON THAT ROOF-- AND A CLIMBING MAN! METHINKS MY QUEST IS ENDED!



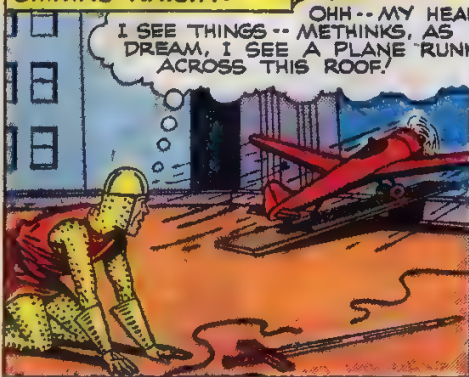
VARLET, LIKE A BEETLE ON A PIN, I COLLECT THY ILL-GOTTEN LOOT!



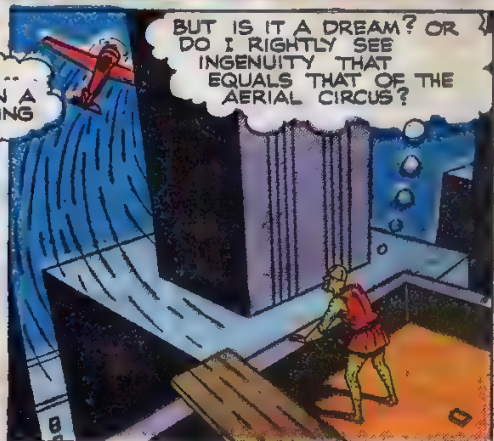
THE BANDIT FLEES, BUT AS THE KNIGHT PURSUES ON FOOT, HIS RAISED SWORD SLICES INTO AN ELECTRIC WIRE ---

AGHHH!

CONDUCTED BY HIS STEEL BLADE, ELECTRIC CURRENT, NUMBS THE SHINING KNIGHT!

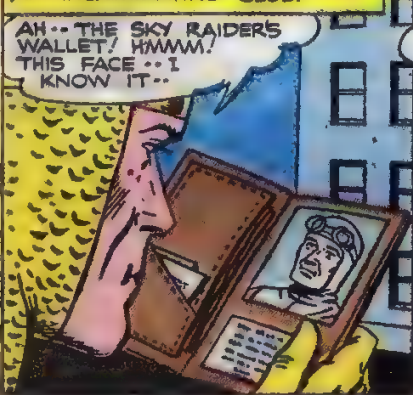


OHH -- MY HEAD -- I SEE THINGS -- METHINKS, AS IN A DREAM, I SEE A PLANE RUNNING ACROSS THIS ROOF!



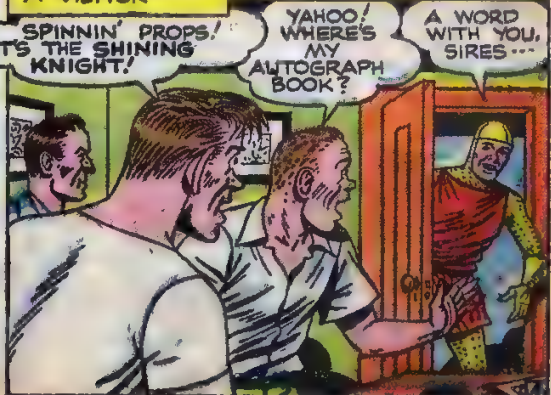
BUT IS IT A DREAM? OR DO I RIGHTLY SEE INGENUITY THAT EQUALS THAT OF THE AERIAL CIRCUS?

THEN THE SHINING KNIGHT FINDS AN INCRIMINATING CLUE!



AH -- THE SKY RAIDERS' WALLET! HMMW! THIS FACE -- I KNOW IT --

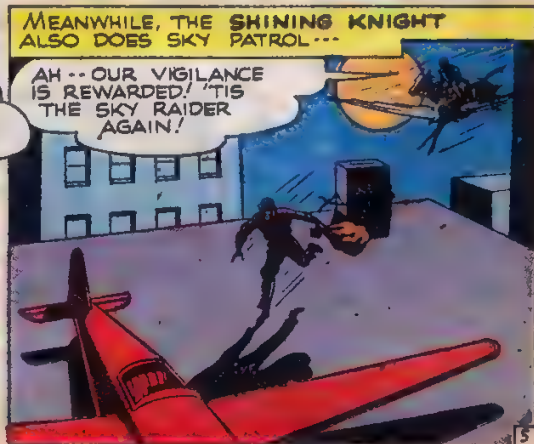
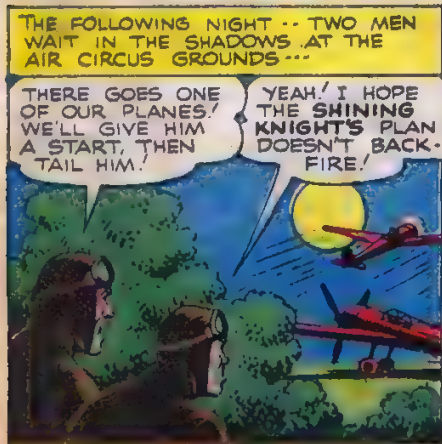
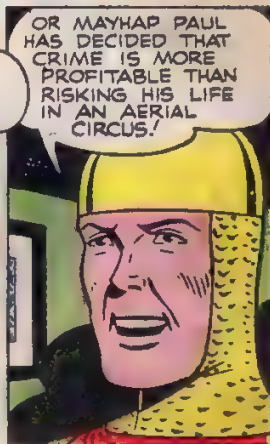
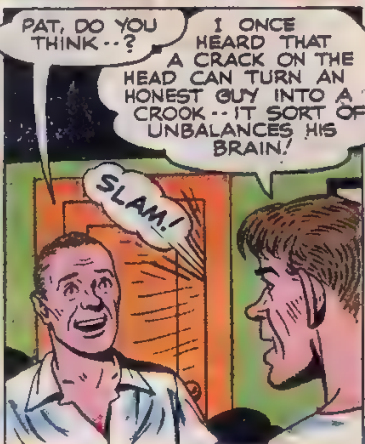
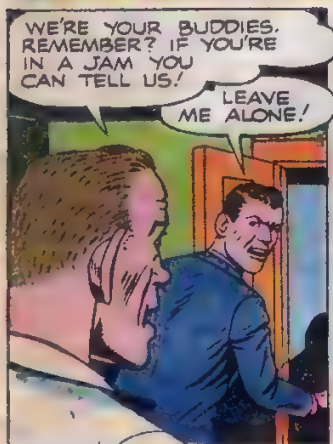
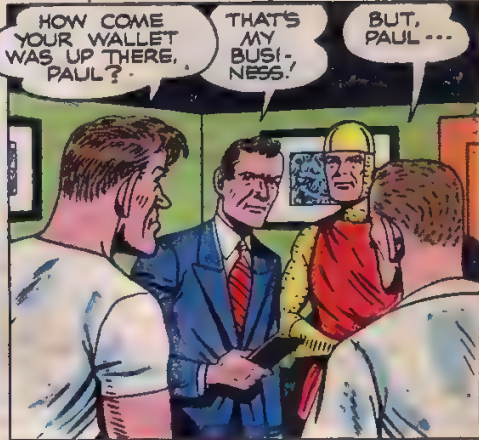
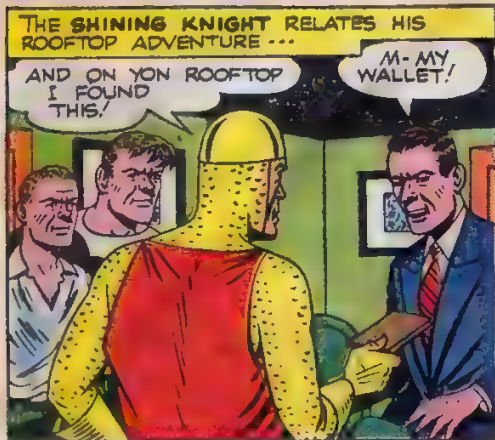
LATER -- THE THREE AEROBATEERS HAVE A VISITOR --

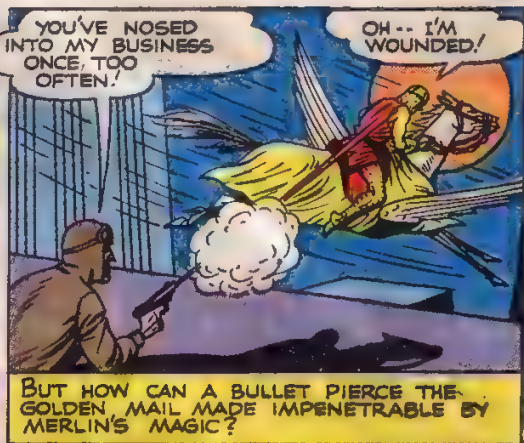
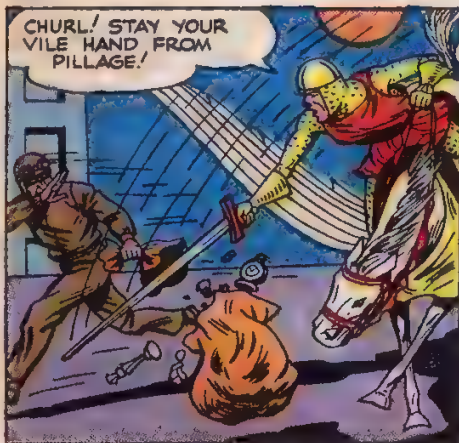


SPINNIN' PROPS! IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!

YAHOO! WHERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?

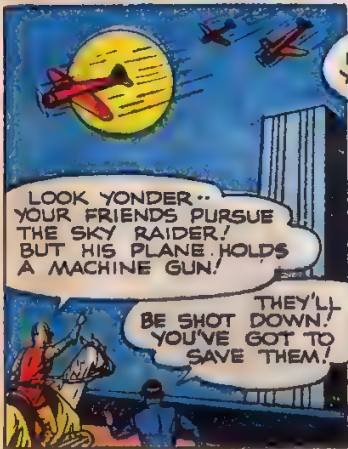
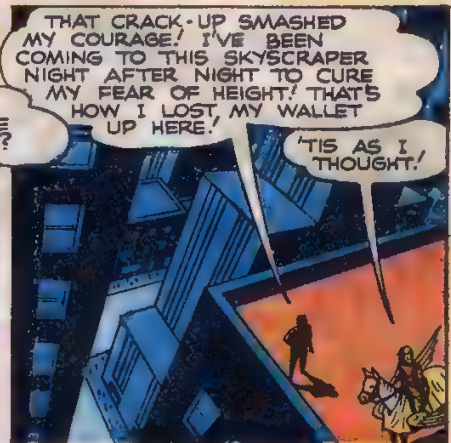
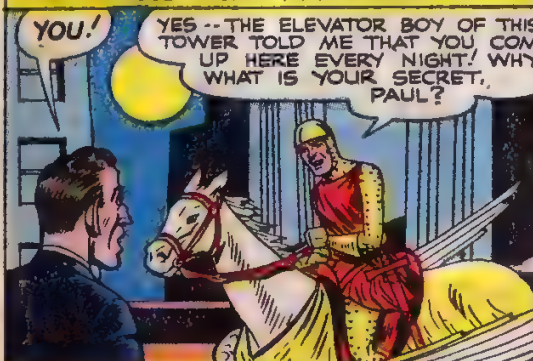
A WORD WITH YOU, SIRE --

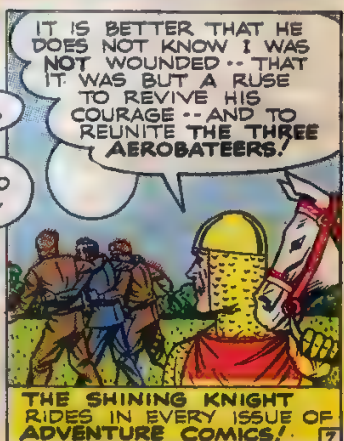
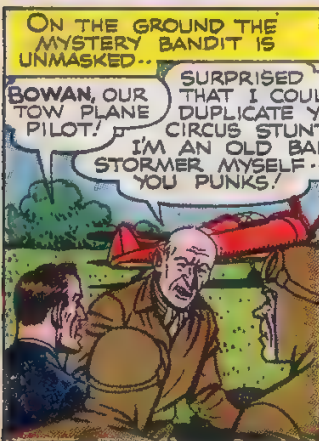
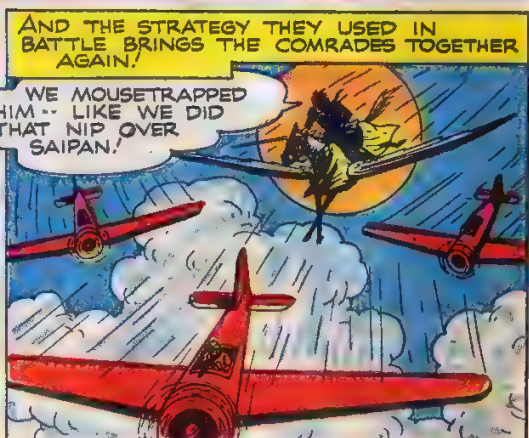
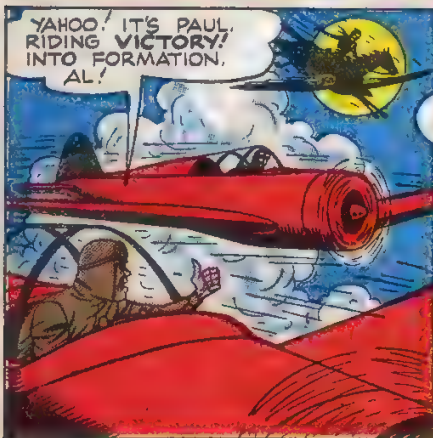
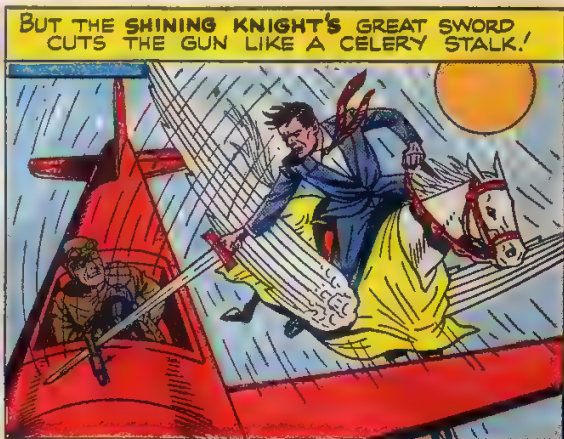
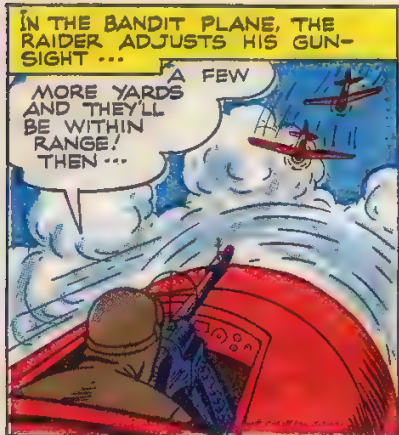




BUT HOW CAN A BULLET PIERCE THE GOLDEN MAIL MADE IMPENETRABLE BY MERLIN'S MAGIC?

THE SHINING KNIGHT URGES VICTORY FORWARD - NOT AFTER THE BANDIT PLANE, BUT TO THE ROOFTOP WHERE HE WAITED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT! AND THERE...





STRANGE ALLIANCE

by Max Olin

THERE'S a man named Thornton Wilder who once wrote a book called "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." The book was about a group of people who, no matter what they did, were fated to be on a bridge at a certain time, and all met their death when the bridge fell.

Patrolman Kerry Kirkpatrick, Shield Number 11845, had never read the book. It is doubtful that, had he read it, he would have given it much heed. Indeed, he would probably have scoffed and said: "Now get along with you! I have my beat to patrol and it's a hard post the Sergeant has given me this winter."

Kerry was a good cop, a kind-hearted one. Because of his kindness there comes into the story another character named—say, come to think of it, Kerry was the one who provided the name—it was Black Peat.

The first time Kerry met Black Peat, that formidable prowler of the streets was clawing valiantly at an ash can. He was seeking forage, as Kerry learned later. But at the moment, since he, the representative of the law, and the intruder, outside the law were in an alley, Kerry drew his gun and flashlight.

The light beam revealed a cat staring stonily at an overturned ash can, the contents of which definitely was not food. It contained refuse from the medical supplies warehouse.

Then the cat meowed. Kerry shivered at the raucous noise that came from the battle-scarred larynx. "It's a long time since anyone petted that beast," he muttered. He looked at his watch. Almost time to make his hourly call. "You wait here," he said. "I'll be back."

Good as his word, he was back some fifteen minutes later. In a package he had some meat cajoled from Nick, who ran the all-night diner. From that moment on, he and the cat, whom he named "Black Peat" after the peat bogs of his native Ireland, were friends.

Each night, Kerry and Black Peat kept their rendezvous, and within a week, the big, black cat had learned to purr again.

"It's too bad Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not let

me take you home," said Kerry. "But it's the canary she's worried about."

Black Peat grinned. He knew all about women, but Kerry didn't know that.

Kerry also didn't know Jim Belden, not personally. Down in police headquarters there was a file on Jim Belden, and in the file were a number of wanted posters from other states. Police had been seeking him for quite a while. They hadn't been able to catch him because Belden was as elusive as he was clever. No one suspected that he was in Carterville, least of all the Beane Company.

For almost a month now, Belden had been working in the very warehouse against which Patrolman Kerry's broad back was resting. At the moment Kerry was stroking Black Peat, Jim Belden was in his furnished room getting things ready.

This was his night to haul. He had spent a month carefully planning, picking up scraps of information. He knew a number of things, among them the fact that old man Beane thought his place burglar-proof. For that reason, Beane had no night watchman. Instead, an ingenious burglar alarm system, sold to Beane by a super-salesman, had been installed. "Absolutely burglar-proof," old man Beane liked to boast. "Nobody'll take anything from there."

Jim Belden, thinking of this as he finished packing his kit, smiled. He knew the location of every piece of wiring, and all you had to do was cut one master wire, cleverly concealed by a panelling in Beane's private office. Unless that wire was cut, it would do no good to cut the others. With that wire cut, the alarm was dead.

Belden grinned. Bringing some shipping orders into old Beane's office just this afternoon, he had heard the drug magnate boasting about the alarm system. As usual, Beane had been drinking his favorite potion, milk. He loved it, even to the extent of keeping his thermos desk carafe filled with it.

It was not Beane's office in which Belden was interested. His prize was the platinum

which was kept in the vault. Just a small packet, easily hidden in the pocket, but worth millions in the right places. Belden knew the right places.

Carefully, he rechecked his kit. The nitro was tucked away, packed solidly against any jarring influence. Then Belden went out, confident he had the job licked.

Consequently, he was surprised, as he approached the alley leading to the loading platform of the warehouse, to see a burly policeman emerge. Quickly, Belden backed away, sped across the street and hid in the shadows. He was momentarily disconcerted by the sight of the officer. Reassurance came as he heard the officer singing gaily, "Rose of Tralee." Belden's lips curled in contempt. "Just the beat cop," he thought, "making a routine check." He looked at his watch. He'd have at least an hour in which to work before the cop returned.

He headed for the alley, entered. The huge steel loading door was closed, but there was a smaller door cut into it. The master door was not wired, for, as Beane had said, "Nothing but a tank or blow torch would get through it."

Belden smiled as he fitted the key he had made from a wax impression into the smaller door. He turned the knob. Then he jumped, reached for his gun. Something in the dark had brushed against his legs! Then he heard a meow.

"A cat," Belden snarled. "If I can get him I'll—"

The threat went unfinished, for the cat was nowhere to be seen. Nevertheless, it was a good three minutes before Belden recovered his composure. By then he had located the master wire in Belden's office and cut it. The severed wires dangled toward the floor.

Belden breathed a relieved sigh. The most difficult part of the job was done. There'd be no chance of detection now, and he'd cracked tougher vaults than this.

A shaft of moonlight, from the new moon, streamed through the window suddenly, lighting Beane's silent office. Belden didn't even bother looking back, or he might have seen a pair of shining, glowering eyes peering at him from beneath the desk where Black Peat had taken refuge after his headlong flight.

Black Peat watched the door for a long, suspicious moment. Then, confident his enemy wouldn't return, he began to explore the office. This was new territory for him.

He climbed into Beane's chair, then onto the desk. He sniffed, paused, his attention directed to the carafe, where the stopper had not been properly returned.

Milk! With a purr, Black Peat leaped at it. The bottle fell on its side, spilling its contents over the desk and onto the floor. With a delighted meow, Black Peat set himself to the task of lapping it up.

Over the desk the pink tongue went. Then the cat leaped onto the carpeted floor, followed the milk trail across the linoleum. Finished at last, Black Peat gave vent to his gratitude in loud purring. He lay down idly, intending to snooze but as he did so his eyes focussed on the two dangling wires.

He lashed out lazily with his paw, striking the wire as he did the string Kerry sometimes held out to him.

Then he leaped again as the wires touched, for bells began ringing all around him. Black Peat looked about in panic, then he scrambled hastily beneath the desk.

He was still there when Patrolman Kerry, who had captured Jim Belden as the latter attempted to flee the building, found him. With Kerry were crack detectives and Mr. Beane. They didn't need to be first class detectives to deduce what had happened. "The cat must have touched the wires and set off the alarm, Mr. Beane. And Kerry, here, was outside and caught the crook."

Beane looked admiringly at the cat, who now lay in Kerry's arms, purring. "Better than a watchdog," old man Beane said. "But I wonder how he got in here?"

Patrolman Kerry grinned. "He was trailing that crook, Mr. Beane," he said, "And followed him here." His big fingers scratched Black Peat's neck. "And wait'll your new mistress, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, hears about this," he murmured. "It'll turn her hair black again!"

Oh, yes, see how three dissimilar characters can meet? And once they were all strangers to each other—Patrolman Kerry, Black Peat, and Jim Belden!

Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA



Sixty CRIMINALS FROM THE BACK ALLEYS OF THE UNDER-WORLD INVADE A CITY TO CARRY OUT THE MOST AMAZING SCHEDULE EVER KNOWN TO BANDITRY —

A CRIME A MINUTE!

THEN IT'S UP TO JOHNNY QUICK TO COUNTER-ATTACK WITH ALL THE INGENUITY HIS SUPER-SPEED CAN CREATE... FOR THE KING OF SPEED HAS TO RACE AGAINST TIME ITSELF WHEN HE TRIES TO HALT...

"THE MARCH of CRIME!"



IN THE BACK STREETS OF GREAT CITIES, THE MESSAGE IS WHISPERED BEHIND CUPPED HANDS...

TICKER WANTS YOU! SMALL-TOWN...! TONIGHT. I'LL BE THERE!



IN UNDERWORLD DIVES... WHEREVER CRIMINALS GATHER, THE WORD IS PASSED...

TICKER... SMALLTOWN... TONIGHT!



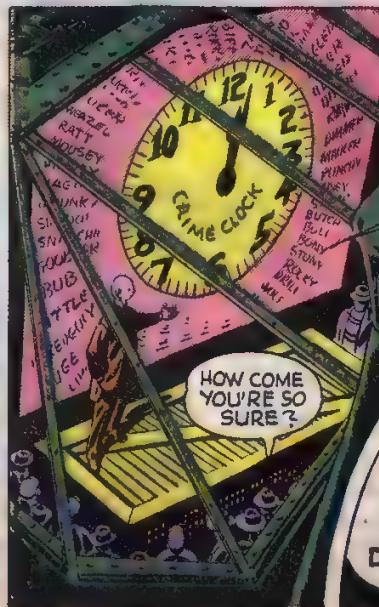
THAT NIGHT, IN THE UNSUSPECTING VILLAGE CALLED SMALLTOWN, THE HOODLUMS ASSEMBLE FOR A CRIME CONFERENCE...

WHY DID YOU SEND FOR US? WHAT'S ON YER MIND, TICKER?

A RIDDLE! BOYS, WHAT IS IT THAT NEVER STOPS... FOR ANYBODY OR ANYTHING?



THE ANSWER IS-- TIME! IT TICKS ON AND ON... SIXTY MINUTES EVERY HOUR! AND THERE'S SIXTY OF US HERE-- A MAN FOR EACH MINUTE-- BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO COMMIT-- A CRIME A MINUTE!



HERE'S OUR CRIME CLOCK! TRIGGER PULLS HIS JOB AT 12:01... JUMBO DOES HIS AT 12:02... AND SO ON! THE COPS WON'T STOP US... BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STOP TIME!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO SURE?

I PICKED THIS TOWN BECAUSE IT'S GOT A SMALL BUDGET! IT CAN'T AFFORD TOO MANY COPS! A CRIME A MINUTE WILL KEEP THEM BUSY... AND DIZZY!



NOW, MEN, SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES! WE STRIKE AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT! DON'T FORGET—LIKE TIME—CRIME MARCHES ON!



ALSO IN SMALLTOWN IS NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN JOHNNY CHAMBERS... AND HIS EVER-HUNGRY PAL, TUBBY...

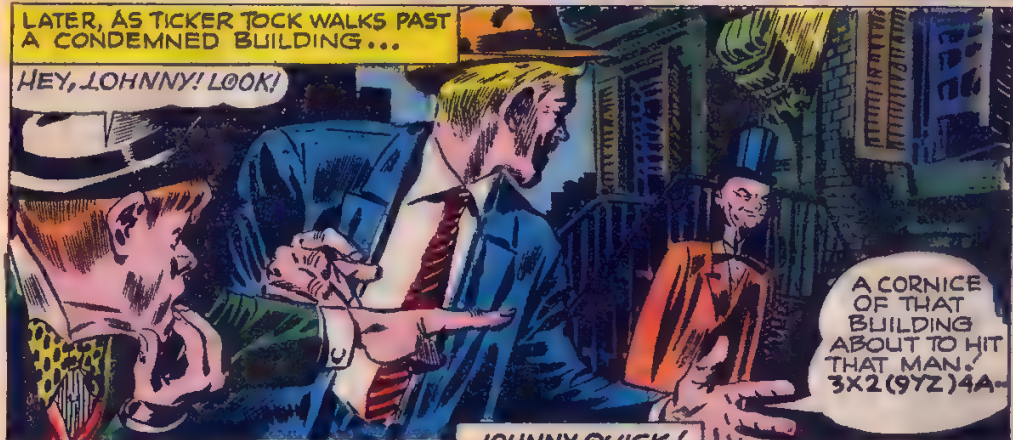
WHEN DO WE GET OUTA HERE, JOHNNY? I'M STARVED!

OKAY, WE'LL PACK IN NOW AND FEED THAT GRAND CANYON YOU CALL YOUR STOMACH.



LATER, AS TICKER TOCK WALKS PAST A CONDEMNED BUILDING...

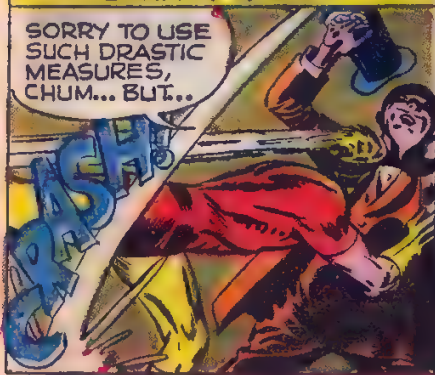
HEY, JOHNNY! LOOK!



A CORNICE OF THAT BUILDING ABOUT TO HIT THAT MAN. 3X2(97Z)4A-

ONCE AGAIN THE MAGIC FORMULA TRANSFORMS JOHNNY CHAMBERS INTO THAT HUMAN WHIRLWIND—JOHNNY QUICK.

SORRY TO USE SUCH DRASTIC MEASURES, CHUM... BUT...



JOHNNY QUICK! HOW'D YOU KNOW WE WERE HERE?

WE-ELL... IF IT ISN'T TICKER TOCK! YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME! WHO'S "WE"?



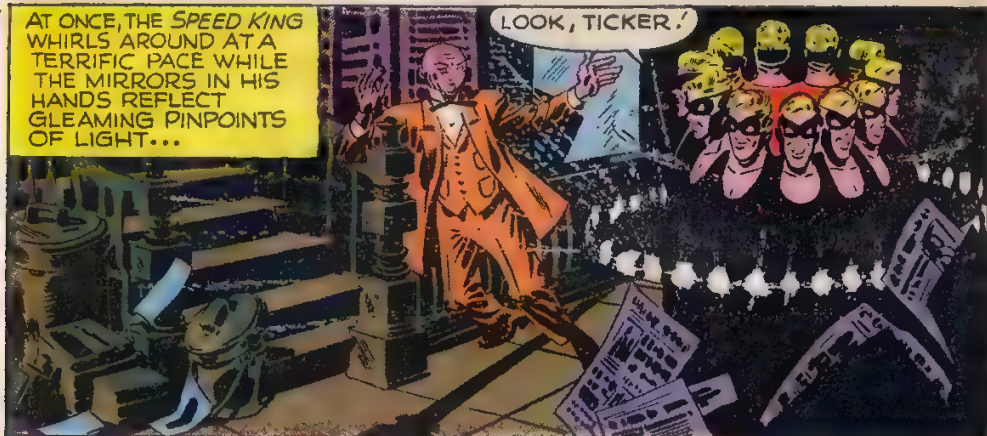
SO YOU DIDN'T KNOW! IN THAT CASE I'M NOT SAYING.

WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH THESE PIECES O' MIRROR, JOHNNY?

JUST WATCH!



AT ONCE, THE *SPEED KING* WHIRLS AROUND AT A TERRIFIC PACE WHILE THE MIRRORS IN HIS HANDS REFLECT GLEAMING PINPOINTS OF LIGHT...



FASTER, FASTER, SPINS JOHNNY QUICK...UNTIL HIS BODY FADES INTO A BLUR AND ONLY THE SHIMMERING MIRRORS ARE SEEN...



AND LIGHT... SCINTILLATING LIGHT THAT HOLDS THE EYES... DAZZLES TICKER'S SENSES, HYPNOTIZING THE CRIMINAL!

NOW... TAKE ME TO YOUR HIDE-OUT... TELL ME YOUR PLANS.

YES... I WILL... TELL... WE'RE GOING TO... COMMIT A CRIME... EVERY MINUTE...



SOON... AT THE HIDE-OUT, JOHNNY LEARNS ALL THE DETAILS...

TICKER... YOU MAY AWAKEN NOW!

WHAT... WHAT...??



QUITE A SETUP! 'HMM, ALMOST TWELVE! I'D BETTER GET STARTED.'



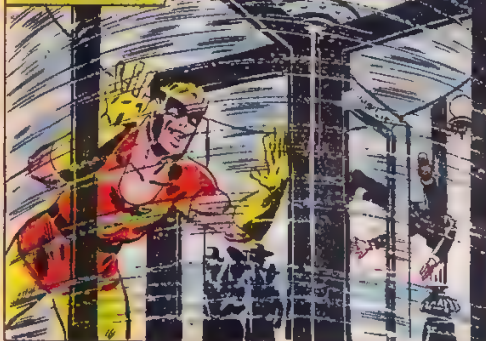
MIDNIGHT! THE ZERO HOUR!

HERE I GO!

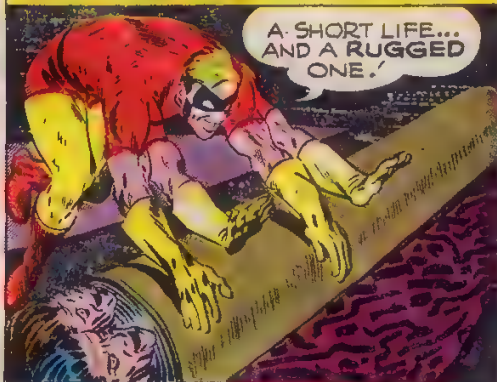


JOHNNY QUICK HAS TO PREVENT A CRIME A MINUTE! CAN HE DO IT? JUST WATCH THAT CLOCK!

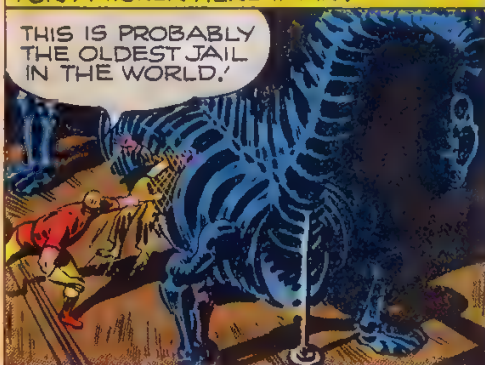
12:01—A CROOK ENTERS A REVOLVING DOOR... AND FLIES RIGHT OUT AGAIN WHEN THE HUMAN METER SENDS THE DOOR SPINNING.



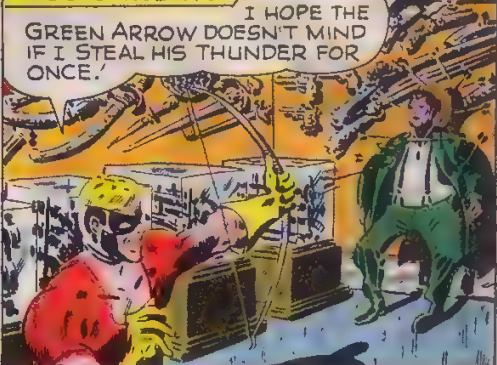
12:02—ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF A PRECIOUS PERSIAN RUG IS ABRUPTLY ENDED.



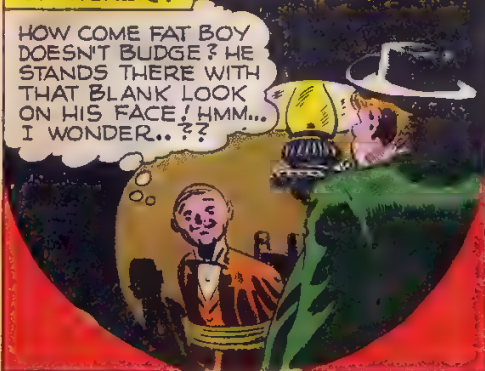
12:03—AT A MUSEUM, DINOSAUR BONES FORM THE FRAMEWORK OF A UNIQUE JAIL FOR A TICKER HENCHMAN.



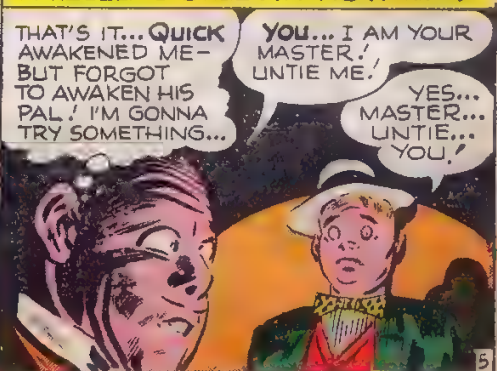
12:04—A RARE WEAPON COLLECTION BOOMERANGS AGAINST A THIEF WHO WOULD ROB IT.



THE MOMENTS PASS AS JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT QUICK SNAGS ONE CRIMINAL AFTER ANOTHER. MEANWHILE, WHAT OF TICKER?



AND THEN TICKER REALIZES WHAT JOHNNY HAS OVERLOOKED. TUBBY, TOO, HAD WATCHED THE MIRRORS—AND AS A RESULT IS STILL HYPNOTIZED.

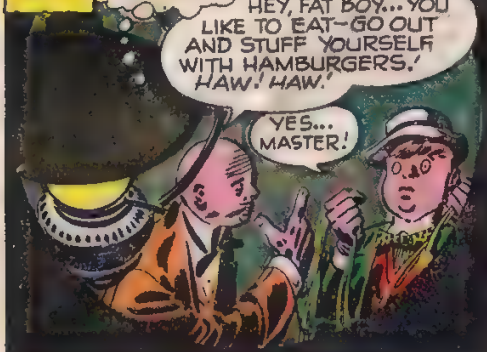


AND
TUBBY
OBEYS!

MAYBE I SHOULD TIE UP FAT BOY?
NAW... HE'S
HARMLESS.

HEY, FAT BOY... YOU
LIKE TO EAT-GO OUT
AND STUFF YOURSELF
WITH HAMBURGERS.
HAW! HAW!

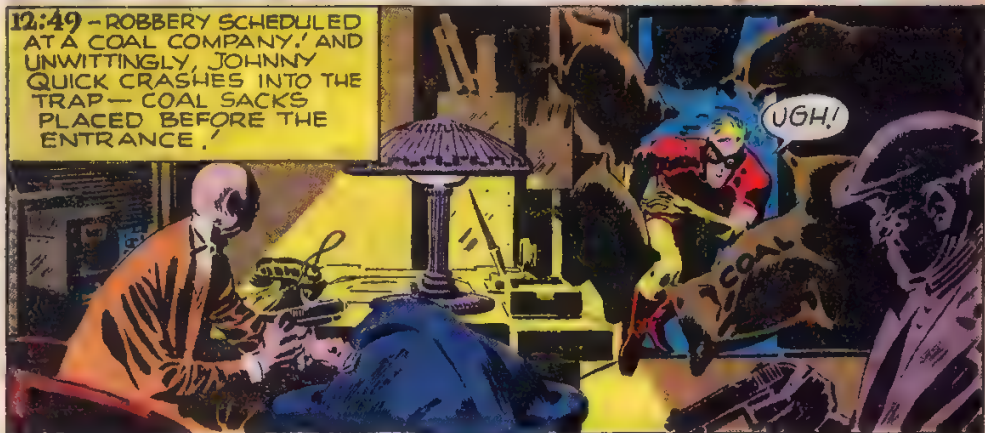
YES...
MASTER!



IF JOHNNY QUICK'S KEPT TO OUR SCHEDULE,
HE WILL BE GOING TO THE 12:45 JOB
NOW... SO I'LL SET A TRAP FOR
HIM AT THE 12:49 JOB.



12:49 - ROBBERY SCHEDULED
AT A COAL COMPANY! AND
UNWITTINGLY, JOHNNY
QUICK CRASHES INTO THE
TRAP - COAL SACKS
PLACED BEFORE THE
ENTRANCE.



A HEAVY STEEL DOOR CLANGS
SHUT AND DAZED JOHNNY IS
IMPRISONED IN THE COMPANY
VAULT.

SO LONG, CHUMP...
LET'S SEE WHAT
YOUR SPEED WILL
DO AGAINST
SIX-INCH
STEEL!
HAW!



IMPOSSIBLE TO GET
THROUGH THIS DOOR!
WAIT... WHEN THEY
DRAGGED ME IN HERE,
THOSE TWO CHUNKS
OF COAL MUST'VE
BEEN UNDER ME!
THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA.



PICKING UP THE CHUNKS
OF COAL, THE KING OF
SPEED SWIFTLY RUBS
ONE AGAINST THE OTHER
... FASTER... EVER FASTER.





THE TERRIFIC FRICTION CREATED CAUSES THE COALS TO GLOW AT WHITE HEAT...



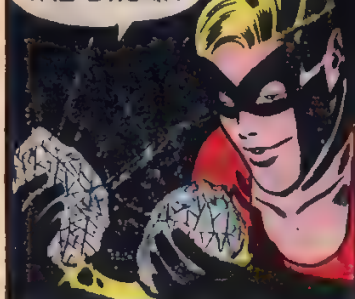
ATTENTION:

THE COALS GLOW BUT DO NOT FLAME BECAUSE JOHNNY QUICK'S HANDS MOVE SO FAST THEY CREATE A VACUUM.

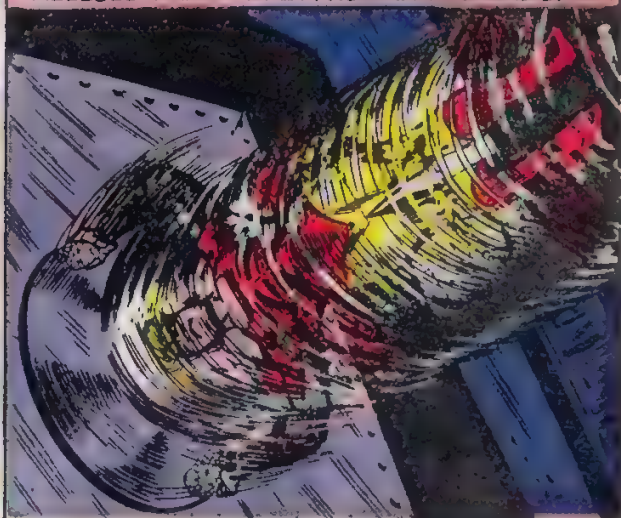
NOTE ALSO: JOHNNY'S GLOVES, LIKE HIS COSTUME, ARE OF A SPECIAL ASBESTOS-TYPE FABRIC, SINCE HIS SPEED THROUGH THE AIR IS SO GREAT, ORDINARY MATERIAL WOULD BURST INTO FLAME FROM THE FRICTION.

SINCE THE PIECES OF COAL ARE CARBON, AND ARE SUBJECTED TO THE INTENSE HEAT AND ENERGY OF SUPER-SPEED, THEY BECOME TRANSFORMED TO THE PUREST TYPE OF CARBON—DIAMONDS!

"DID IT! WHEW... MY HANDS ARE STILL SHAKING FROM THE STRAIN"



FIRMLY PRESSING EACH DIAMOND AGAINST THE STEEL DOOR, JOHNNY QUICK SPINS AROUND AT FABULOUS SPEED—LIKE A HUMAN DIAMOND DRILL!



AND THE HARD-BITING DIAMONDS BORE THROUGH THE SIX-INCH STEEL DOOR LIKE A RED-HOT POKER BORING THROUGH BUTTER....

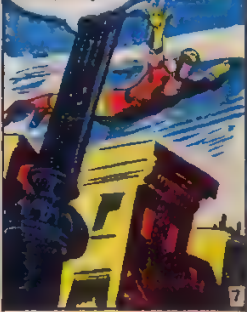
"I'LL GIVE THESE DIAMONDS TO THE TOWN SO THEY CAN AFFORD MORE POLICEMEN, THEY NEED THEM—I OUGHT TO KNOW."

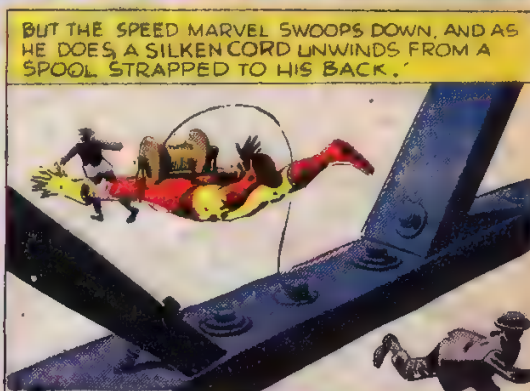
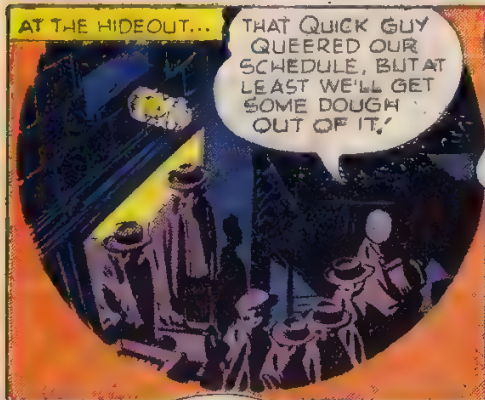


IT'S ONE O'CLOCK! THEN I'VE LOST! THE CROOKS HAVE ALREADY COMPLETED THEIR LAST JOB.

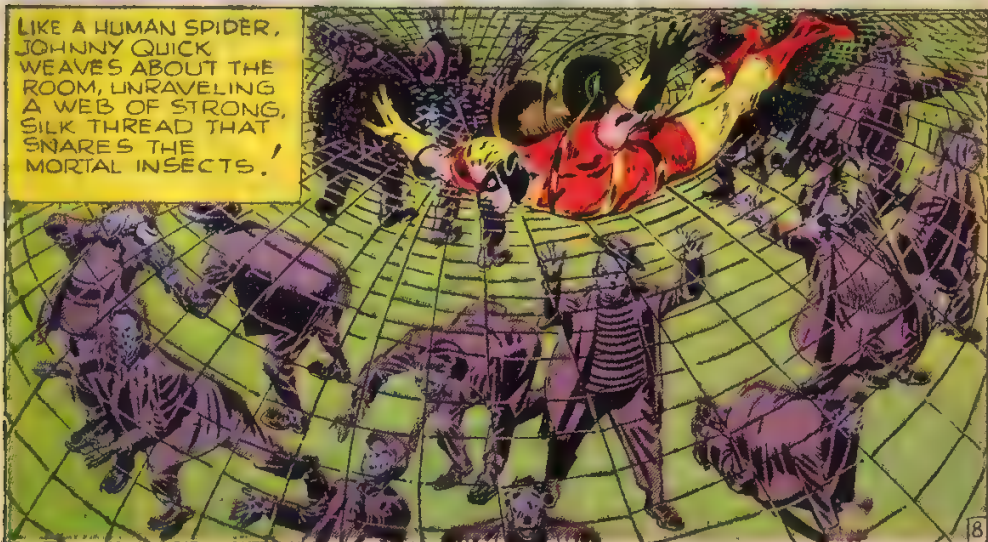


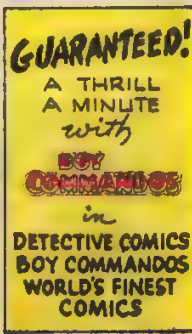
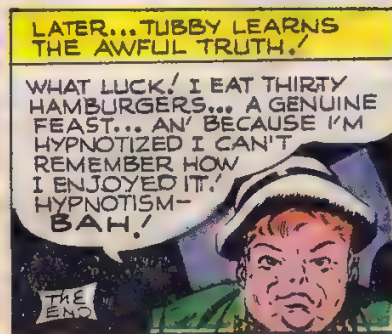
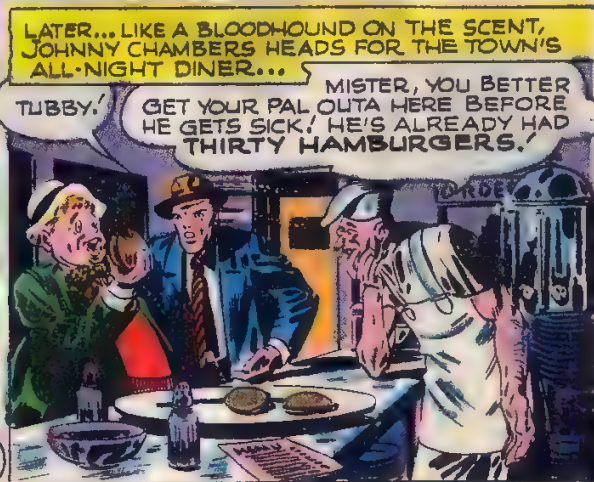
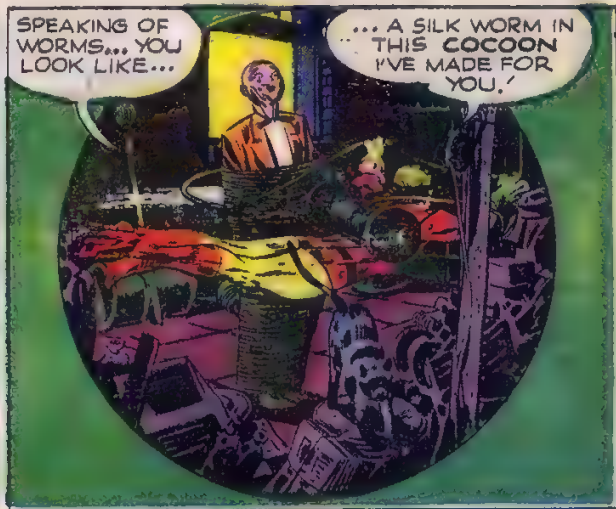
BUT THEY'LL HEAD BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT TO DIVIDE THEIR LOOT. THAT MEANS I CAN STILL BEAT THEM IN TIME!





LIKE A HUMAN SPIDER, JOHNNY QUICK WEAVES ABOUT THE ROOM, UNRAVELING A WEB OF STRONG, SILK THREAD THAT SNARES THE MORTAL INSECTS.





Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

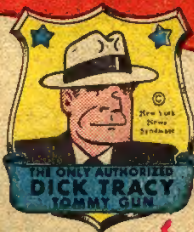
that LOOKS and SOUNDS
just like the real McCoy!

Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
**DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun**

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

\$3.79
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



TAT-TAT
**RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION**
TAT-TAT

Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy **RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN** patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy **TOMMY GUNS**... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy **TOMMY GUN**. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy **TOMMY GUN** and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon **IMMEDIATELY!** Mail the coupon **TODAY**, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be **RUSHED** to you by return mail!

Much
larger
than
pictured
here!
Actually
over 20
inches
long

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son **JUNIOR**

GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, X-28!
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA...OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

WHO'S THIS?

CRAY, KID, ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!

MEANWHILE, JUNIOR HEARS
VOICES INSIDE AND GOES THIN KNOT!

REACH FOR THE CEILING
FELLAS, I'LL
SHOOT THE FIRST GUY
WHO MOVES!

HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT X-28'S APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY!

I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR. THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING!

IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME.
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING!
IT'S A GOOD
THING I HAVE
PEOPLE.

YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WOULD BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE—YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP.**

...even if you are not delighted with your
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not com-
pletely satisfied you may return your TOMMY
GUN for a complete refund and keep this
wonderful **GOLD FINISH** Dick Tracy Detective
Badge **FREE!**

**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**

**PARKER JOHNS—Dept. DT-132
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.**

Please rush my authentic **DICK TRACY** Tommy Gun and Detective
Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun
within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge **FREE!**

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.
Prices in Canada and S.M. No C.O.D.s

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Free!

SUPERBOY and ROBIN

America's Two Most Famous Boys

HAVE A SPECIAL MESSAGE
FOR *You!*

WE WANT YOU TO
MEET **JIMMINY**

—ONE OF THE MOST
ADVENTURESOME BOY
HEROES EVER TO GET
HIMSELF INTO A
REAL JAM!

HE MAY BE LITTLE
BUT OH, BOY!
PIRATES, DRAGONS,
WIZARDS, GIANTS
ARE ALL THE SAME
TO **JIMMINY!**



FOLLOW
JIMMINY
EVERY
MONTH
in
**MORE
FUN
COMICS!**



OTHER
EXCITING
FAST-ACTION
ADVENTURES
TOO!

LITTLE BEAVER,
DO YOU SAVVY
THE 10 RULES
IN TH' SPORTSMAN'S
SAFETY CODE?

Here's the Sportman's Safety Code for **DAISY** AIR RIFLE OWNERS

YOU BETCHUM,
RED RYDER!
YOU LISTEN...
ME REPEAT-UM!



- ① ME WILL NEVER POINT-UM GUN AT ANY-
THING ME NOT INTEND TO SHOOT-UM.
- ② ME WILL NEVER LOAD-UM GUN WHEN MUZZLE
IS POINTED AT ANYBODY. ③ ME WILL NEVER
COCK-UM GUN OR PULL-UM TRIGGER JUST FOR
FUN. ④ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT OBJECT
WHICH MAKE BULLET BOUNCE-UM OFF. ⑤ ME
WILL NEVER HANDLE GUN WITHOUT FIRST
TAKE-UM PEEK TO BE SURE GUN IS EMPTY.
- ⑥ ME WILL NEVER CARRY MY GUN WHILE IT IS
COCKED OR OFF SAFETY. YOU BETCHUM.
- ⑦ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT SONG-BIRD,
ILLEGAL GAME OR LIVE TREE. ME THINK-UM.
- ⑧ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT ANYTHING BEFORE
MAKE-UM SURE ME NOT INJURE SOMETHING IF
ME MISS-UM TARGET. ⑨ ME WILL ALWAYS BE
PLENTY CAREFUL WHEN CLIMBING THROUGH
FENCE BY POINT-UM GUN MUZZLE THROUGH
FENCE FIRST. ⑩ ME WILL ALWAYS CLEAN
AND OIL-UM MY GUN PRONTO AFTER USING IT.

Learn and follow the Sportsman's SAFETY
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language—printed in complete form inside
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